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The Northwest



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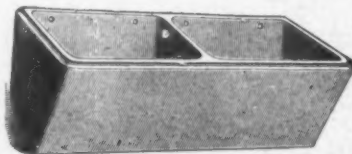
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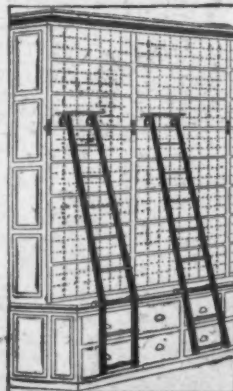
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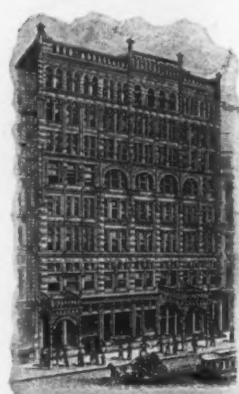
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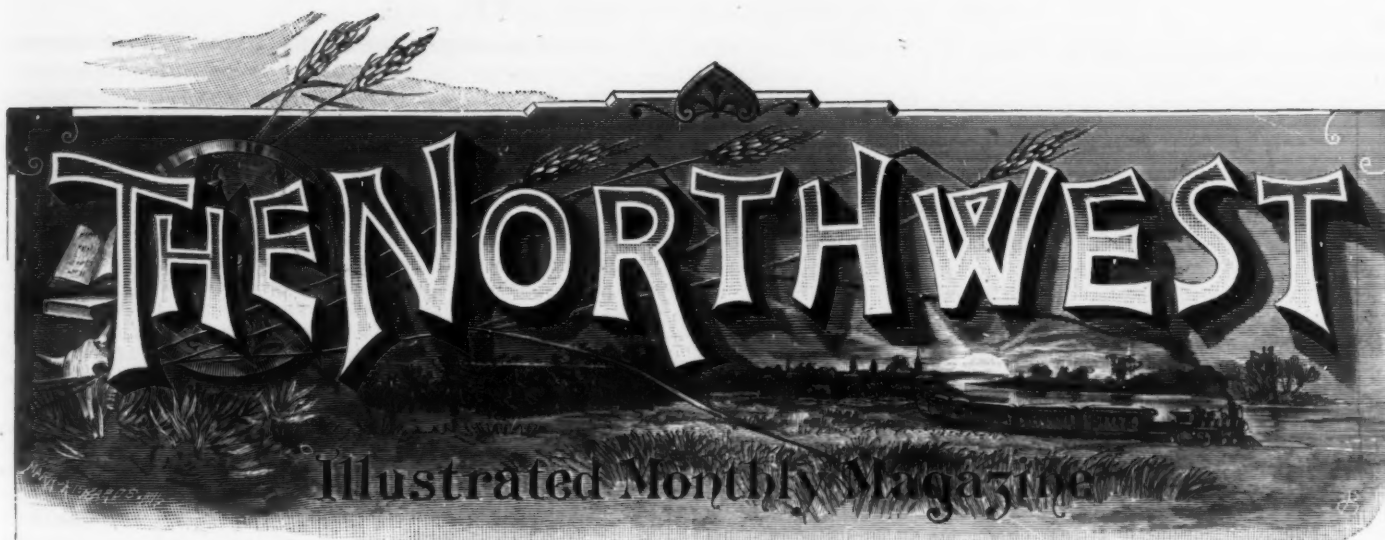
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PROSPECTING IN CENTRAL IDAHO.

BY ROLLIN SMITH

Prospecting is a time-honored occupation, and to it civilization owes a mighty debt. The prospector penetrates the desert regions of the Southwest, the rugged mountain districts to the North, and even the long winters of far-away Alaska have no terrors for him. Indians on the war-path have failed to keep him from following the exciting pursuit of gold-hunting. It becomes a passion; the dream is too sweet to ever again permit the work-a-day world to come between him and the chances of its realization. His energy, his ambition, his life, are sacrificed in the chase after the yellow goddess; and if, perchance, fortune is kind to him and he "makes a strike," the chances are about one in a hundred that it will do him any good; for he will squander it in riotous living or relinquish it to the mining shark, and the following spring will see him, with pack-horse and a few weeks' supplies, again "hitting the trail" for the mountains.

For the past two years gold—particularly placer gold—has received more attention at the hands of the prospector than since the early days of California. The recent stagnation in business, which caused thousands of men to be thrown out of employment, gave prospecting a new impetus. To use an expression frequently heard, "the mountains are full of men." And it is an economical movement; for, on a pinch, a man can live on five dollars per month in the mountains during the summer. It keeps him busy until work can be had, and it has decided the question for many a man, whether to be or not to be—a tramp. Many of these recruits will find a charm in the free, independent life that will prevent their ever again descending to the humdrum existence of the laboring man.

It is quite well-known among mining men that as many "finds" are made by green hands as by old prospectors. This is due to the fact that, while the tenderfoot will look anywhere for indications, the old miner has fixed notions and ideas and pays no attention to ground that does not resemble the surroundings of some paying mine with which he is acquainted. Too many men go the mountains thinking that they are prospecting, when, in fact, they are doing

nothing but riding, camping, looking at the country, and killing game out of season. Of this kind the inexperienced should beware, for he always knows of some rich ground—it usually "prospects twenty-five cents to the pan"—somewhere in the mountains; and if you will furnish an outfit he will take you to the place, give you an interest in it, and work it with you. It is needless to say that the rich diggings never materialize, but the tenderfoot is successfully "worked" for a "grub-stake." Another kind of prospector is one who works hard and conscientiously—often spending weeks and months, and even years, in tracing indications to their source. This is only another form of the disease. I knew one man, a rancher in summer and miner in winter, who, working alone, had tunneled into solid rock one hundred and fifty feet, following a narrow seam of quartz.

The latter part of April, not many years ago, saw the writer and one companion en route for the mountains of Central Idaho on a prospecting tour. I knew nothing whatever about the practical side of it, never had seen a placer "bar," did not know what "ground sluicing" meant, and would not have known a "sluice-box" had I seen one. I did not know that "quick" was an abbreviation for quicksilver, nor that "wash" meant gravel which at some time had been washed by a stream; nor had I ever seen a "clean-up," nor a gold-pan in active service. In truth, I was a "tenderfoot." My partner, Will, was a young man twenty-six years old, active, strong and energetic, a good worker, a splendid rifle-shot and an expert fisherman. He had had two summers' experience in the mountains and said he intended to keep at it until he "struck it;" he would work in the winter and take to the mountains in the summer.

It was our intention to go to the South Fork of the Salmon River—in the center of the State and in the very heart of a great mountain district. We stopped, however, at the first range of mountains, a spur of the Seven Devils, one hundred miles from the western border of the State, to examine a "prospect" of which Will had heard the summer before. This was a piece of ground on the Middle Fork of the Weiser and was located by ranchers who lived down in the valley some miles away. The ground never had been thoroughly prospected, and we had made arrangements with the men to go and look at it with a view to buying. We stayed at a ranch two days waiting for the man who was to act as our guide to find his horses, which were running in the hills. Our guide was a living example of what a failure a

man becomes who is born white, but who has all the inclinations and the instincts of an Indian. Jim was a good hunter and a good shot, but he was a "game-hog" and a good-for-nothing generally. He was a young man, tall, stoop-shouldered, flat-chested and thin-faced. His clothes were of the regulation kind—blue overalls, and jumper to match, coarse shirt and cheap shoes. He always wore a broad, light-colored hat pulled down to his ears, and the hat took the same angle that his shoulders had. He was as devoid of ambition as a mud-turtle—a fact that was indicated by the place in which he lived. The cabin was built of logs, roofed with shakes or large shingles split from pine or fir. There was but one room, and, though small, it was large enough for the stove and bed, little else being in evidence. The roof had been extended to form a shed, which gave the cabin just the unfinished appearance necessary to match the surroundings; the stumps, the weeds, the hog-yard, the stable—all had the same expression that Jim and his clothes and his house had. As a matter of course, Jim was married! Does a man ever become so lazy, so shiftless, so utterly good-for-nothing, that he does not want some one to keep him company?

Monday morning at six o'clock, Jim was at the ranch ready to start for the mountains. Besides his saddle-horse, he had a pack-horse to carry our blankets and a few days' provisions. Will and I had not yet provided ourselves with horses for the summer, but the prospect of a twenty-mile walk, on a glorious spring morning, did not bother us. It was indeed a bright, beautiful morning, and the meadow-larks were singing gleefully in the sage-brush. The leaves of the quaking asp along the streams were just bursting forth; dozens of different kinds of flowers decked the roadside, and all nature seemed to have received a touch of hope and promise from the hand of Spring. We left the road, three miles from the ranch, and for two hours traveled over low hills which gradually increased in height until we reached an abrupt descent of several hundred feet to the valley of the Middle Fork. The hills, scantily covered with coarse grass and a species of sage-bush, were of lava formation; and, as every step was on the broken lava, the sharp corners up, the walking was anything but easy. We descended into the narrow valley, but, owing to the roughness, we could not follow it to the point where we wished to go, so we had to make a detour of several miles and cross another divide. Our trail was a gradual climb along the side of a mountain for three hours. The sun beat

down upon the brown lava rocks almost as hot as in July. The brightness of the spring had been left below, and the only signs of life were the big, blue grouse which frequently flew up with a fluttering of wings that almost startled the horses into a fast walk. We stopped for luncheon at a roaring mountain stream which emptied into the Middle Fork. Here we saw a man with a half-dozen salmon, of from eight to ten pounds each, which he had speared; they had come up all the way from the Columbia.

By the middle of the afternoon we reached the top of the second divide and the edge of the timber. Here we turned to take a look at the valley we had left in the morning, and magnificent indeed was the view that spread out before us! Looking over the hills below, the valley stretched out for miles in either direction—meandering among the brown, barren hills, the dark-green alfalfa meadows and the trees illuminating it so that the eye could trace it until lost among the mountains. On our right the snow-capped mountains ranged to the northward, finally merging into the Seven Devils.

Three miles downhill, through timber and, part of the way, through snow-drifts, and we were at our destination. A small stream flow-

ed into the Middle Fork here, and between the streams was a log cabin that had been built by prospectors years before and occupied by trappers for several winters. On one side were high, grassy hills, while just back was a thick growth of fir, tamarack, and pine; to the east was a beautiful little gulch—and here was where gold had been found. We camped in the cabin two days, while Will examined the ground as thoroughly as possible in so brief a time. At one point in the little stream which flowed down the gulch, Will found "colors" enough to encourage him in the belief that there must be gold in paying quantities near by. There was an old rocker here, but very little work had been done. This superficial prospecting was done by digging around in the stream and the bank and by panning the dirt. The gold-pan is an iron pan made quite shallow, with sides at an angle of forty-five degrees. The manner of panning is quite simple, but requires some practice. The pan, having been filled with gravel, is held under the water and a rocking, circular motion given it; this wets the dirt thoroughly, floats off the lighter stuff and brings the coarser stones to the top, when they are scooped out with the hands. The pan is then lifted up and the same motion given it

for a few seconds, the water then being poured out. The surface of the sand is now washed off by dipping the pan and letting the water run out quickly. The principle of the work with the gold-pan depends upon the great specific gravity of gold. The idea is to keep washing off the lighter substances until nothing but the gold, and possibly a little black sand, remains; though it is not necessary to wash all of the sand out to see how many colors you have. The small particles of gold are called colors; the fine gold, or dust, ranges from almost imperceptible pieces up to the size of a kernel of wheat; coarser than this is called heavy gold, or coarse gold. There is no rule regarding this, however. Fine gold—also called flouf gold—found in the bars of the Columbia and Snake rivers is flat, exceedingly thin, and therefore very light. It is the most difficult of all gold to save. Various machines have been constructed for this purpose, but have met with only moderate success. This gold is very deceptive, for a prospect in the pan looks big, owing to its being all surface and of little weight; and even old prospectors are often deceived.

Before we could do any work it was necessary to go back to the valley and to a small town ten miles below the ranch, and get a supply of provisions. This we did, and, on the evening of the fourth day, we were back at the cabin with two weeks' supplies, plenty of blankets, two pairs of rubber boots, and a pick and shovel each. We fixed up the cabin so that it was some protection against the weather, made a thick bed of fir boughs, built a fire-place on the dirt floor, and were ready for work. The next morning our packers left, and we were alone in the mountains. Our first work was to enlarge and repair a ditch on the hill at the head of the gulch, about a mile above the cabin. This ditch was five hundred yards long and diverted a small stream into the gulch, so that a very good head of water could be had at that season—before the snows had gone from the mountains. Excepting where the ground was stony or where roots had to be cut out, the digging was not difficult, most of it being along the side of a hill and among the pines, where the soil was sandy. Yet, while the digging was not difficult for one who was a digger, the extent of my own experience in that honorable calling was when, during the summer vacations in my early youth, I would sometimes attempt, with hoe and rake, to subdue the weeds in the paternal garden. In my early manhood I had expanded my lungs and hardened my muscles by the use of dumb-bells, clubs, and boxing; but none of these had brought me face to face with the laboring man, nor had I ever before taken an active interest in the eight-hour system, labor unions, and strikes. I never before realized what a great mistake Adam made; but, during the three days' work on that ditch, I certainly earned my baking-powder bread—and made it, too!—in the most orthodox and approved manner.

When the ditch was completed, we had a stream of one hundred inches of water flowing down the gulch. In mining and irrigating countries, one hundred inches of water is the stream that will, with a six-inch pressure, flow through an aperture ten inches square. This gave us all the water we needed to start with, so the next day we began work in the gulch. The first thing to do was to find bed-rock, which is the foundation and, often, very near the surface. Frequently a false bed-rock is found, properly a hard-pan, which is sometimes mistaken for bed-rock. Coarse gold almost invariably lies on or near bed-rock; in ten feet of gravel all the gold may lie within eighteen inches of it. Gold may lie above the false bed-rock, but if it does, the chances are that a much richer deposit will be found below it. Old



"The next morning our packers left, and we were alone in the mountains."

channels are often very rich; and in California, some which were covered by a flow of lava have paid well, though they had to be tunneled.

On the morning after the ditch was completed we pulled on our hip-boots and, with pick and shovel, started up the gulch. Will decided that the best place to begin work was in the stream thirty rods or so below the old rocker. His idea was to cut down to the bed-rock, then work up the gulch; in this way we would have plenty of room for the "dump"—the gravel and boulders which would be washed out. The channel was not more than three feet wide and two or three feet deep, and the banks were overgrown with bushes and fir-trees. In we went, and, after clearing out the sticks and logs for a few rods, we used the shovels and loosened the sand and gravel, which the water swept away. The deposit of gravel became much harder after about a foot had been washed out, so that it became necessary to use the picks. Picking and shoveling, throwing out the larger stones, we worked in the creek for over a week, at the end of which time we had a cut fifty yards long and four feet deep at the lower end and ten feet at the upper end. We had gone through the gravel and had penetrated several feet into the false bed-rock. At the head of the cut we came to a bank of clay that somewhat discouraged us; for clay is the *bête noire* of the placer miner, the gold adhering to it so that it cannot be saved. However, there was a small body of gravel branching off at right angles just below the clay, which appeared to be the side of an old channel, and, as this prospected quite well, Will thought it would lead to something better back in the bank.

Our provisions were now getting low, and, as we wished to continue the prospecting, it was decided that I should go to the valley and have enough brought in to last four weeks. I started the next morning, and, although it was the middle of May, the nights were cold in the mountains and I walked rapidly to keep warm. As the sun rose higher, nature began to thaw out. The birds chirped merrily in the trees—and the bushes, and the earth, glistened in their thin coating of frost as though they, too, were awakening. And as, from a hill-top, I looked back over the beautiful gulches, the rolling hills, the magnificent forests and the snow-topped mountains beyond, and felt the effect of the bracing morning air, I realized some of the fascinations of the prospector's life and, at that moment, could almost have said good-bye to the world and have taken up my abode with nature in the wilderness.

It was a hard and tiresome walk after leaving the timber. I made no attempt to follow the trail, but just took a straight course over the hills and reached the ranch in the middle of the afternoon, worn out and lame. The next day the necessary purchases were made, and on the following morning Jim was on hand with his pack-horse and an extra saddle-horse for me—the walk having lamed my knees so badly that walking back was out of the question. Jim's father accompanied him, for they intended to go to some warm springs—a deer-lick—a few miles above camp in hopes of killing a buck. We were soon in the saddle and rapidly crossing the hills; it was a quick trip in, and camp was reached shortly after noon.



"The water was brought from way up on the mountain, and at one point had to be flumed around the side of a precipice."

After dinner, Jim and his father went on up the Middle Fork to the lick, and I went up the gulch to see what Will had been doing.

"Hello, Roll! You're back early," greeted me from an immense hole by the side of the creek, at the upper end of the cut.

"Hello, Will! Where did all that hole come from?" I answered.

The hole was ten or twelve feet deep and twenty feet in diameter.

"Pretty good hole, isn't it?" he replied. "After you left I thought I'd find out whether there was an old channel out in the bank or not; so I run a ditch around here and turned the creek in. After I had a good, deep cut, the banks began caving, and I guess 'twould have run the whole hill away if I hadn't turned the water off."

"How about that body of gravel?" I asked.

"Well, I'm afraid it isn't part of a channel. It dipped back in the bank, but has about played out. Say! what are we going to have for supper? I've had nothing but bread and beans to eat today."

"How'd ham and eggs strike you, William?"

"Gosh! You didn't bring any eggs, did you?"

"Yes, I did. I had the boy in the store pack ten dozen with plenty of oats in a box, and we put the box on top of the pack and I don't believe there's an egg broken."

"Good for you, old boy! Let's go down to the cabin; I don't believe there's any use in working this hole any longer, anyway. In the morning we'll take a look up on that ridge, just across the gulch."

"All right, we'll put in the rest of the afternoon in cooking."

We were soon at the cabin and Will took an inventory somewhat as follows: Twenty pounds of oatmeal, ten pounds evaporated apples, fifteen pounds peaches, four sacks flour, one twenty-pound ham, one box eggs and two pounds of tobacco.

"Didn't forget a thing, did you? All right; I'll let you go again."

"Not until my knees limber up a little, I hope. If you will cut up a lot of wood," I continued, "I'll put on a kettle of beans and stew some dried fruit."

"It's a go; and if you will do the baking to-night I'll cut enough wood to last for a week!"

It was our custom to bake but once a day,—right after supper,—using two frying-pans; and that was the only part of camp-work that Will complained of. The pots were soon bubbling merrily over the fire, and Will's ax was making the chips fly in a way that made me envy him his strength. He would swing the ax with an ease that was really graceful, and it would sink into the wood to a depth that showed the remarkable strength that propelled it. For years Will had used as much tobacco as he could—and not sit up nights, drank six cups of coffee daily, exposed himself in all manners of ways, and could sleep eight or ten hours every night with a peacefulness that was as provoking to the restless as it was healthful to him.

"Breakf-a-s-t!" I called, next morning. "It's 6:30, Will; hustle out of there!"

"All right. These cold nights make a fellow sleep," my partner remarked as he crawled out of the blankets.

After breakfast Will said: "We shall need more water, soon, so I think we'd better go up on the mountain above our ditch and survey for a new ditch from the next stream. It's a mile from that stream down to our ditch, but I think by ditching four or five hundred yards we can run it into a gulch that will bring it right down."

"What have you to survey with?" I asked.

"Oh, I have the whole business up by the ditch. It's the thing the other fellows used to lay out their ditch; a little rough, but 'twill do."

Taking the ax we went up the hill to the ditch, and there Will stopped for his level. I looked at it curiously, but asked no questions. It was simply two poles, eight feet in length, nailed together at one end and held in place by a cross-piece—like the letter A with the feet spread wide apart. We went on to the stream above, and, after looking over the ground to see where the easiest grade would be, began the survey. Will took a string from his pocket and tied it to the crotch, then fastened his knife to the lower end, and had a plumb-line. The cross-piece was notched at the center. The feet of the triangle resting on the ground so that the string hung in the notch, showed that the ground was level; when the string hung forward of the notch one-eighth of an inch, the incline was right for the ditch, and on that grade we worked. Will carried the level and I drove the stakes every two rods. Through the open timber the work was easy, but for a hundred yards the ditch would run through a laurel thicket and a path had to be cut. By noon, the survey was completed and we found that we had four hundred yards of ditch to dig.

It was so far from camp, however, that we did not begin on it until the following morning, when we again went up—this time with picks, shovels and luncheon. We carried the coffee-pot and, at noon, kindled a little fire, boiled the coffee and enjoyed our simple fare with appetites better adapted to quantity than quality. The earth was still moist from the spring rains, so the digging progressed rapidly and in four days the ditch was completed and the second stream turned in.

The ridge just across the gulch from where we had been working was long and narrow and not very high; it was a continuation of the hill above it and, on the further side, was quite abrupt. Here the bed-rock was exposed, and a close examination showed a layer of gravel thereon. Sinking a few holes at different points on the ridge, the gravel was shown to be of considerable area and, though the colors were fine, it prospected fairly well. We decided to run a cut down the ridge and then cross-cut it. This was done easily, for the fall of the gulch was so great that, by going up a short distance, the stream was diverted along the side of the hill and right down over the ridge. A cross-cut was made over the steep side near where the bed-rock showed, and, after the soft earth and loose gravel were washed out, we worked in the water with the picks. The fall was so great that everything but the large stones was carried away by the water. Working back into the ridge, we cut through an old channel ten or twelve feet wide and three feet deep; the wash was white quartz, almost round, and worn very smooth by the action of the waters many ages ago. Every pan of dirt showed from ten to twenty colors—fine, but round and heavy. There was very little black sand,—usually found in abundance,—but great quantities of small and brilliant garnets and bright, yellow sand. Both sand and garnets were extremely heavy

and gave considerable annoyance in panning. Will believed that, with sluice-boxes, we could make this channel pay fairly well; so, one evening after supper, we talked the situation over and decided to bring in provisions enough to last a few weeks longer, some lumber to build boxes, and then prospect until we found something or made up our minds to give it up.

Our second lot of provisions was getting low, so Will said he would start for the valley in the morning. He started early, and returned about the evening of the third day. Besides two packers, he was accompanied by two hunters who were going up to the deer-lick and by two prospectors who intended to camp near us for a few days. It was a jolly camp that night; we built a big fire in front of the cabin and sat up late, exchanging experiences and telling what we would do when we struck it rich and had gold to throw at the birds, as one of the prospectors expressed himself.

On the morning following the hunters went up the river, the packers back to the valley, and we four prospectors remained.

Will and I continued our work on the ridge—Will working on the boxes in the evenings until they were finished. These were four in number, six feet long by eighteen inches square, and open at the top. They were piled in the cabin until we should be ready for them, for we still had a half-day's work enlarging the ditch at the head of the gulch. We started up in the morning, our friends accompanying us, as they had come over from their camp, only a few rods away.

We had been at work about an hour when I heard a popping and snapping down in the gulch toward the cabin. It sounded like a bunch of fire-crackers, and I smiled at the idea. Then another thought came to my mind that made me start hurriedly to the brow of the hill. The gulch lay before me—a few hundred feet deep and a mile long. Half a mile away, where the cabin ought to be, a column of black smoke was rolling up through the tree-tops! Rushing over to where Will was at work, I told him that the cabin was on fire. Down the hill, through the brush, over logs and ditches, we went at a fast run. It was fully a mile by the trail, but we were not many minutes in covering the distance. We couldn't see the cabin until within a hundred yards of it; but what a greeting awaited us! Just the log walls, and they were all in flames.

Will stopped and I sat down on a log. What was the use of saying anything? Our provisions, clothing, bedding, rifle,—it was the cartridges I had heard,—lumber, all gone in an hour, and we twenty miles from anywhere!

There was but one of two things to do; either quit, or get another outfit, and we decided on the latter. We went back to work and finished the ditch by noon. Our friends, who had gone further up in the morning, now came along and we went down and had dinner with them. We also arranged with them for the use of their horses, and one of the men agreed to go with me; so that by two o'clock we were in the saddle and on our way to the valley. On the afternoon of the third day we were back with a complete outfit, from coffee-pot up. We had to leave the lumber, however, several miles back at the top of a high hill. Will and the other men went after it in the morning and dragged it to camp, for it was very difficult to pack through the timber.

Our new camp was up the gulch some distance from the old cabin—a pretty little nook at the foot of a grassy hill and surrounded by beautiful fir-trees. I had brought in a seven by seven tent, just large enough for two to sleep in. It was the only thing to be had in the valley; so nearly everything had to be hung

up on trees. As it was now the middle of June, there was little danger of rains. It was raining the day I came in, but after that it rained but once all summer.

New boxes were made and riffles to put in them. Riffles were made from strips one inch by three inches, and thirty inches long. These were fastened together by strips across the ends, and spaces were left one inch wide. When the gravel is washed through the boxes the riffles become filled with sand, but the gold, always going downward, is stopped by the riffles and works to the bottom of the boxes. Quick-silver is poured in after the boxes have been placed and as soon as the riffles are filled, and this at once works down and, when the "clean-up" is being made, runs about all over the bottom and picks up every particle of gold that it touches. In some localities, though, the gold seems to be coated with some substance which prevents its readily amalgamating. A clean-up is made by first carefully washing down the race at the head of the boxes, for gold will lodge in every little crack and crevice; then by lifting out the first riffle and washing the sand over the other riffles; then by raising the second riffle and washing most of the sand out. The sand that is left in, first shutting off most of the water, is carefully shoveled into the gold-pan and panned out. Most of the gold will be found in the first two boxes, so the others are not cleaned often. The gold will be adhering to the quicksilver, and now looks like silver. The "quick" is then squeezed through a piece of buckskin or closely-woven cloth; the gold remains and is called amalgamate; a small quantity is called a "button." This may be retorted by placing it on a shovel or in the pan and holding it over a fire. When quite hot, the quick-silver evaporates, leaving the yellow gold; but its color has changed to more of an old-gold appearance. The particles of gold still adhere to one another, unless roughly handled. Amalgamate gold loses very materially in weight on being melted down; ours lost fourteen per cent. Gold-dust varies in value, ranging from twelve to twenty dollars an ounce; sixteen or seventeen dollars per ounce is considered good gold.

The boxes were carried up on the ridge and placed on the bed-rock at the lower end of our cut. We then worked for several days in the old channel with pick and shovel, the gravel all being carried by the water down through the cut and over the riffles. The clean-up was a disappointment. We moved the boxes over to the other side of the ridge, where we had found some gravel that prospected well, and worked a few days there; but the paying ground proved to be only a small pocket. Then we went down in the gulch again, above where we had worked first. At one place in the stream, bed-rock was found only six inches from the surface of the gravel, and near here some quite coarse gold was panned out—pieces from a few cents to fifty and sixty cents in value. After several weeks' hard work, however, this piece of ground also proved to be a pocket, for the good ground was but a rod square. We then made a cut, down the middle of the gulch, fifty yards or more long, eight to ten feet deep and three feet wide. We found the channel of a stream six feet below the surface, distinctly marked, thirty feet wide and four feet deep in the middle. The gravel was somewhat different from that on the ridge, and contained some very large boulders, but not much gold. The little stream now flowing down the gulch is not more than three feet across.

Had we been able to trace the coarse gold to its source, we would have found some very rich ground; and herein lies one of the great fascinations of gold-hunting, for the future is illumined by just such brilliant chances.

One day we took a little excursion over the range to a mining-camp where they were working with pipes—hydraulic mining. There were two pipes with a tremendous pressure. The water was brought from way up on the mountain, and at one point had to be flumed around the side of a precipice. The force of the water from the pipes was so great that a gravel-bank would melt away before it like a snow-drift, and boulders weighing two hundred pounds or more were washed out as though they were cobble-stones. Pipes are always used in placer mining when sufficient pressure can be had; many bars on the Snake River are worked with water which is taken from the river by means of water-wheels.

We had now been in the mountains nearly four months. The streams were getting low, we had made no important discoveries, and the fall rains would soon begin; so we decided to quit for the summer. I walked down to the valley, sent in a packer and horses, and in four days we were at the railroad; but, lingering around in our brains or minds or somewhere, was a feeling that we had been working very close to a rich gold deposit—which we might have found had we stayed a little longer.

GOLD BENEATH THE LAVA IN IDAHO.

The great lava-flow covers a section of country in Idaho four hundred miles in length by forty to sixty miles in width. It lies in the southeastern part of the State, on and along the course of the Snake River, and mostly on the north side of that stream.

After flooding the great plain lying to the southward, says the correspondent of an Eastern scientific journal, the lava turned and flowed backward to the north. There it flowed into the mouths of the valleys lying between the foot-hills, filling all the streams that flowed out toward the south. The streams thus checked and dammed presently found passages beneath the porous lava, and now flow under it from thirty to fifty miles, to reappear as large springs or to burst forth in cascades and tumble down the walls of basalt that border Snake River. On the line of the back flow, up toward the northern foot-hills, lies the most ragged and forbidding portion of the great lava plain.

These lava-flows covered rivers, creeks, canyons, valleys, and even basin regions filled with low hills. Many of the streams, gulches, flats, and basins in the country surrounding the lava-covered section on all sides, have been wonderfully rich in gold, wherefore it is reasonable to suppose that many of those covered by the lava are also rich in the same way.

The Snake or Shoshone forms the great center of the Idaho River system. It has a course of 850 miles within the State, and, with its branches, drains nearly the whole country. The Clearwater, the Salmon, the Weiser, the Fayette, the Boise, the Lemhi, the Owyhee, and other rivers tributary to the Snake, were wonderfully rich in gold. The Yankee fork of the Salmon and many other creeks were exceedingly rich in the yellow metal. Rich placers were found in the streams that formed the Boise River, in 1862; in the year following in the tributaries of the Owyhee and in many other places. The valleys of the Weiser and Fayette, consti-



"The force of the water from the pipes was so great that a gravel-bank would melt away before it like a snow-drift."

tuting what was known as the "Boise Basin," was one of the richest placer regions ever found.

What are called basins in Idaho are not bowl-shaped depressions, as many suppose, but are sections of low country surrounded by large mountains. Within the basins are many hills and creeks. The Florence Basin was astoundingly rich, and many others were little behind it as producers. Prior to 1868 these basins and other surface diggings in little flats and on gulches produced \$45,000,000. Up to 1873, by which time most of the famous placers had been worked, the yield from the surface diggings amounted to \$75,000,000. Then began the rich discoveries in quartz, but placer mining is still continued and occasionally rich finds are made.

From what has been said of the rich deposits of gold in the basins, valleys, gulches, flats and streams of Idaho, it is reasonable to suppose that, under the great lava-flow covering an immense area—not less than 20,000 square miles—in the heart of the auriferous region, must lie many exceedingly rich deposits of gold.

The gold placers of both California and Idaho are countless ages older than the lava-flows. In California, the channels of the ancient rivers beneath the lava are much richer than those of

the modern rivers and placers. This is because the channels of the ancient rivers had served as bed-rock sluices for untold ages before the disturbing lava-flows began. The present rivers of California received the greater part of their gold by cutting across and carrying away great sections of the rich channels of the ancient rivers.

THE ABUSE OF THE TERM "BLIZZARD."

Perhaps no word is more frequently misused than the word "blizzard," says the Dickinson (N. D.) Press. The indiscriminate use of the term to designate anything and everything except bright, pleasant weather, is a great disadvantage to the State. The word was coined to signify a storm of sleet or frost accompanied by wind and cold. To the average Easterner the word conveys an idea of something worse than is ever known out of Dakota. When we have snow, let us call it snow; when a cold wind blows, call it a cold wind; and when a blizzard afflicts us, call it a blizzard; but do not let us make people outside the State think that a "Dakota blizzard" is always with us. They are few and far between, it being a fact that no section of the country is visited by them less frequently.

REMINISCENCES OF CADET LIFE.

By Gen. R. W. Johnson, U. S. A.

It was in March, 1844, that I received my appointment to a cadetship at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and on the 4th day of June I left my old Kentucky home, destined for that institution of learning. I never had been beyond the limits of my native State, never had seen a soldier, and was wholly ignorant of the duties that would be required of me at the Academy and of those which would follow my graduation should I be so fortunate as to master all the arts and sciences required by that institution. I never had attended any but the ordinary country school, whose curriculum embraced reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic only; but upon those subjects I was well prepared, and, as it was upon them that my examination for admission depended, I felt reasonably certain that I should pass my first examination.

While on the steamboat *en route* from Louisville to Wheeling, my inexperience was noticed by Mr. J. A. Jaquis, of Poseyville, Indiana, who was on his way East to purchase his fall stock of goods. He took me under his fatherly care and protection, and I never shall forget his great kindness.

After a long and tedious voyage we reached Wheeling, where we were compelled to remain over night, as the stage to Cumberland, the western terminus of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, did not leave till 8 o'clock on the following morning. Mr. Jaquis invited me to accompany him to the theater. I cannot recall the play, but the afterpiece was very vividly impressed upon my mind. It represented a ship in a storm. The winds howled piteously through the rigging, and the waves rolled high and beat against the vessel furiously. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. Suddenly the vessel was struck and set on fire. As this was the closing scene, the boys made a rush for the door and that made me believe that it was a real fire; and so I, too, started for the door, climbing over men, women, and children. I heard some one say, "Stop him! he is crazy." I did not stop to argue the question, however, but continued my way out as rapidly as possible and did not feel safe until I had returned to the hotel, where I related my hair-breadth escape from the burning theater. This was my first visit to a theater,—which I had been taught to believe was the very gate of hell. I had been afraid to go inside of one for fear his satanic majesty might adopt me as his own and retain me as one of his permanent boarders.

At Cumberland, I boarded the first railroad train I had ever seen. The streams along the line had not been bridged, and we were aroused at regular intervals to change to a ferry-boat and then to the cars again. When we reached the relay house I separated from my friend Jaquis,—he going on to New York, while I took the train for Washington City, where, through the kindness of the congressman by whom I had been appointed, I was permitted to witness Morse's first experiments with his telegraph over the only line in the United States, the one between Washington and Baltimore. On the day following I left for New York and was soon

on board of the Hudson River packet. When I went to the office to pay my fare, I was told that it was six shillings. In Kentucky, I knew that six shillings made a dollar, and I supposed that it was the same everywhere; so I laid down a dollar and walked away. The clerk did not return to me the two shillings overpaid, and he still owes me that amount with interest covering a period exceeding fifty-one years and which amounts to about \$5.00.

I arrived at West Point on June 19. I had read in the papers that General Scott was there, and I was anxious to see the old hero of Lundy's Lane. As I reached the plain, the band was playing in front of the quarters of the superintendent, while the drum-major exercised himself by whirling his large baton. His uniform was so gaudy that I supposed he could be no other than the old, war-worn veteran I had so long desired to see. I went on to the hotel intending to remain there for a few days to enable me to take in the situation, but I was soon recognized as a candidate for admission and was hurried off to report to the adjutant. He was represented by Timothy O'Maher, a kind old Irish gentleman who held his place for more than a half-century. It was his duty to take the names of the new cadets and to deprive them of any loose change which they might have in their possession. So he "held me up," as it were, took every cent from me, and then sent me under escort to the sutler's store, where I was furnished with a complete outfit for juvenile military housekeeping. This having been done, I was conducted to the cadet barracks to report to the cadet officer who had charge of the plebes. Here I hoped to receive a friendly greeting, but imagine my surprise when a tall, straight, stern-looking young man in cadet uniform said to me:

"How dare you come into an officer's quarters without removing your hat! Are you from the backwoods?"

After removing my head-gear, he said:

"Place yourself in the position of a soldier."

I knew no more about the position of a soldier than I did of strategy or grand tactics. Without giving me time to confess my ignorance, he yelled out:

"Heels on the same line; toes turned out in an angle of forty-five degrees; head erect; chin drawn in; arms hanging naturally at the side, little fingers resting against the seams of the trousers!" etc., etc.

Just how I got into the position I do not know, but I suppose I must have done so; for, from that day to this, I have never forgotten the uncomfortable position I occupied while confronting that austere son of Mars. He asked me many questions foreign to the military profession, such as:

"Is your father living or dead? Did your mamma come on with you? Has your sweetheart red hair and eyes? Have you heard from her since you left your home in the backwoods? When do you expect to get married?"

Many other questions were fired at me in rapid succession, and, after maintaining the position of a soldier until I was about ready to drop, I

was sent to a room and turned loose therein with a lot of youngsters who had just previously passed through the ordeal of taking the position of a soldier. No two of us knew each other; all were from different parts of the country; and the only thought in common to us was one of disgust at our reception and a determination to resign and go home just as soon as we could get the consent of our parents or guardians!

That evening we were turned out for squad drill. I was placed in a squad under the instruction of Cadet R. B. Ayers, then just emerging from his plebship, and the prospect of his promotion to the rank of corporal seemed "to inflate him with pride and vanity and puff him up with pomposity!" I was awkward, and while the other members of the squad were permitted to stand at ease, he gave me some extra lessons in the position of the soldier and his facings. I felt very much disposed to give him a lesson or so in actual war, but I did not know his rank, and feared that if I attempted it I might terminate my military career; so I controlled my temper. This same Ayers was the brave, gallant and highly distinguished General Ayers in the Civil War.

When the new cadets had all reported, they were organized into sections for instruction in arithmetic, etc., pending their examination by the Academic Board. These sections were placed under cadets who had been at the academy one year, and they had their own fun with the poor, disheartened plebes. I was in Beltzhoover's class, and he sent me to the blackboard to work out this problem:

"If the brim of a man's hat be nine inches broad, how long should the skirt of his coat be?"

Another profound question was asked of the one who sat next to me:

"In case of a black squall on a canal, would the captain be justified in taking a reef in the stove-pipe without consulting the cook?"

Another plebe was sent to the board to add two and two. His reply was prompt: "Four."

"How do you know?" asked Beltzhoover.

After some argument on the subject, the plebe replied:

"I do not know the *modus operandi*."

"Modus who?" asked Beltzhoover; "there is no such a professor at the academy."

In this way the hour was consumed, the section dismissed, and we returned to our quarters. Day after day this farce was continued until we were called up for examination by the Academic Board. Of course, there was not time to examine an applicant very minutely in arithmetic, so an example was given to each and a number of questions asked to ascertain the familiarity of the victim with the general subject. A single mistake caused the rejection of the one making it. The example given to me was this:

"If one bushel of wheat costs five-sevenths of a dollar, what will three-eighths of a bushel cost?"

I placed the work on the blackboard promptly and faced the examining board, ready to recite. Not being called on at once, and becoming abashed at the sight of the professors and their epauletted assistants, I faced the blackboard again and went over my work. Finding a mistake, I corrected it and thus prevented my rejection. One of the candidates in my class was a tall, handsome young fellow from Tennessee. He failed to pass the examination, and I saw him weeping. Supposing that his tears were called forth by his failure, I attempted to console him by telling him that he could get a good education elsewhere, whereupon he said: "That's not what's the matter; I don't know the way home!" He was a little more unsophisticated than I was, and it gave me more confidence in myself.

In a few days we went into camp. It was an oppressively hot day, and, about the time the tents were up, rain began to fall in torrents; so the plebes in company A were hurried into one tent, with their blankets and other baggage. The cadets of that day will remember the peculiar odor which came from our blankets in damp weather. Whew! I can almost smell it now. Over in Wisconsin some enterprising man has opened a skunk-farm, and I am sure that I would just as soon reside in the midst thereof as to be shut up in a tent, on a rainy day, with a number of blankets such as were issued to the cadets in the long ago. The camp was known as Camp Porter, in honor of the Secretary of War. Fitz John Porter was the senior cadet captain, and it was his duty to march the battalion to and from the mess hall. It was several weeks before I learned that he was not the Secretary of War. I was too proud to confess my ignorance by asking for information, and so blundered along "learning the ropes" by experience.

I soon learned the position of a soldier, and terminated my connection with the academy as captain of the same company that I joined as a disheartened and disgusted plebe.



MAJOR-GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON.

Major-General Richard W. Johnson, A. B., A. M., was born in Livingston County, Ky., Feb. 7, 1827. He graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1849 and entered the army as brevet second lieutenant of infantry. He was transferred to the cavalry, and obtained his first lieutenantcy, in 1855, was promoted to be captain in 1857, and became a major in 1862—having in the meantime seen much service in Indian campaigns. In Oct., 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. He was in command of a division of infantry at Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and in all the battles on the line of march from Nashville to New Hope Church, near Atlanta, Ga., where he was wounded severely. He subsequently commanded a division of cavalry at the battle of Nashville and in the pursuit of the enemy through Tennessee. For gallant conduct in the field, he received successive brevets from lieutenant-colonel to major-general U. S. A. He retired on the full rank of major-general in Oct., 1867, on account of wounds received at New Hope Church. A subsequent law of Congress, retiring officers on rank actually held at the time of disability, reduced him to the rank of brigadier-general. General Johnson was military professor in the universities of Missouri and Minnesota in 1868-69 and in 1869-70 respectively, and he was the Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota in 1881. Today he still lives a useful life in the city of St. Paul, where he numbers his friends by thousands and where he is honored and will continue to be honored until the day of his death.—Ed.

A PEN SKETCH OF A NOTED MOUNTAIN.

I really think that the city of Tacoma is located in the very heart of the most wondrously beautiful region in the world! Blizzards, storms and cyclones are utterly unknown, and the midwinter climate is soft and serene. The vast mountains to the west and east protect it from the violence of the winds, while Puget Sound—that most beautiful of seas!—renders it easily approachable by ships and commerce.

It is to the mountains of this country, however, that I would direct attention. It was at noon on the 20th of December, 1895, that I saw them in a mood that was so supremely beautiful that they filled me with a strange longing to picture what I saw. The mists of a mid-December day were slowly dissolving in the order of the noonday sun. The sun itself was obscured behind masses of fleecy clouds; and here and there, like an army in retreat, a snowy cloud kept creeping along the mountain-side. But, save for these retreating clouds, the forests, mountains and snowy peaks stood out in full splendor of vision. The Cascade Mountains were outlined against a sky so exquisitely blue that it fairly took one's breath away; and between this blue and the fleecy clouds that veiled the sun, were streaming masses of gorgeous rose and golden-colored clouds. This exquisite setting served to exhibit with greater clearness the magnificent variety and beauty of the Cascades. There were the vast pine forests that crowd those deep, dark valleys and cover the hills—like a shadow of God; and, higher still, were ten thousand lofty peaks capped with eternal snow. High above all, mingling with the clouds and sky, stamped with a magnificence that is sublime and a massive beauty which human language is utterly incapable of portraying, Mount Rainier towers in solitary and unrivaled grandeur.

I had seen Rainier before and in many a mood, but never had I seen it so wondrously beautiful as it was in the noon of this December day, with its background of blue and gold and fleecy clouds. I have seen the lovely summer dawn come skipping over its lesser hills, and I have seen it when the glorious morning kissed its haughty brow. I have seen the setting sun fling its resplendent purple beams upon the eternal snows that clothe it, and I have seen the mountain weirdly life-like in response to the dying sun's farewell. I have seen it, also, when the cold, fruitless moon rose above its brow in full autumn splendor and flung its pale, reflected beams upon its eternal snows; but this midwinter vision of Rainier seems to surpass aught I have ever yet beheld.

The Indians were wont to call this mountain "Tahoma," which signifies "Cherishing Breast." To their savage conception the mountain was a divinity of unrivaled beneficence and beauty. The torrent that leaped the rocks and cut the canyons in the hills, was born amid its glaciers. The beautiful rivers that meandered through the primeval forests of this delicious land and afforded the savage boundless opportunities for sport and hunting, had the same prolific source. To the savage, all the life and energy and music of this Western land were born of Tahoma, for she was the source and mother of all good things. It was a beautiful superstition, one which the pale-faced stranger who came to usurp the red man's sway might have respected; but the first white men who sailed the waters of Puget Sound had little thought for either the lives or superstitions of the Indian. They found themselves in the midst of a lovely and enchanting region. A thousand wooded isles dotted the narrow sea of Puget Sound, and the tide that laved the lonely shores was darkened with the shadows

of lofty pines and cedars more ancient than Christianity itself. The stranger could see an occasional Indian stealing round a headland in his lonely skiff, in pursuit of fish or wild birds, and at times he could hear the wild yell of the savage as he hunted the elk, deer, or cariboo. It is hard to imagine the sentiments of these first visitors to the lonely and lovely region of Puget Sound. With what awe-inspiring feelings they must have beheld the sun sinking to rest behind the dark, rugged, snowy heights of the Olympic Mountains! How they must have been thrilled when they beheld him again, at dawn, rising above Tahoma's mighty brow! With brazen impudence they claimed the glorious mountain and inflicted on it the name of some Englishman called Rainier. Poetry, scholarship and patriotism have protested against the desecration of this mountain, but in vain. Departmental prigs and humbugs prefer the nomenclature of British vandals to the preservation of prehistoric titles, and therefore Americans must call this glorious mountain by the name of the Englishman Rainier—a man, by the way, who never saw and most probably never heard of it! These first white visitors to Puget Sound left many a landmark here. They evidently felt the genius of the place, and sought to claim it as part of the British Dominion. For half a century England and America struggled for possession, and when, finally, it was conceded to the United States, but few Americans knew the importance of the concession.

I have little hesitation in saying, that from the summit of Mount Rainier a country is visible which is as unequalled as it is incomparable. Its first inhabitants have been, to a considerable extent, a race of adventurers. It is ever thus with new countries. The adventurers of the first generation become the founders of the next and the patriarchs of a later date. But, despite the mismanagement and greed and vices of some of the pioneers of this Northwestern country, it is rapidly becoming one of the most prosperous and prolific regions in the world. Nevertheless, it is the beauty of its scenery and the sublimity and grandeur of its mountains that are, and ever shall be, its chief attraction. Mount Rainier, with its mighty glacier system—the most wonderful in the world; with its strange, life-like mood and diversified characteristics, will ever be one of the great landmarks of the globe. I have said that it is life-like in its moods; I really should have said "woman-like." For days and weeks the rolling mists and clouds will veil it from the vulgar gaze, and then, when least expected, the mighty mountain will tear the veiling clouds away and beam out on forest, sea and city and, by the very fascination of its beauty, bid us rise beyond the groveling cares of life and home.

P. A. O'FARRELL.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

Only a pair of blue eyes,
Only a passing glance,
Makes pleasure in my heart to rise,
My heart with joy to dance.

Only a look of kindness,
Given to some poor swain,
Makes him awake from blindness,
To welcome life again.

A. J.

A WAGER.

'Twas for a pair of gloves I made
A wager with my dear,
That on a certain day the sun
Would not shine bright and clear.

And I would have declared foul play,
But my love did deter;
For I should have remembered that
The sunshine came from her!

Cheshire, Conn.

ALEX JESSUP.



Good Enough for Him.

The Winnebago City (Minn.) *News* quotes Frank Scholl, a prosperous Faribault County farmer, as saying that, "Notwithstanding low prices, I made more money on my farm last season than any year since I have been in the State, and I came here twenty-seven years ago. Forty-six-cent wheat is all right when you get thirty and thirty-five bushels to the acre."

South Dakota's Native Grass.

Few people understand why cattle keep as fat on South Dakota grass and hay in the winter as stock that is fed in other States on corn. During the winter now past South Dakota fed no corn and but little hay to stock. Cattle and horses were turned out and made a rich living on the native grass, which matures on the ground; and so well did they flourish that they are as fat as the corn-fed cattle in other States, and bring as good prices. A recent analysis of prairie grass and of Wisconsin timothy, clover and millet, shows the reason. The analysis showed that Dakota upland hay, cut July 25, contained 53.16 per cent of digestible substances; cut September 4, 53.19 per cent; timothy, 49.96; clover, 48.02, and golden head-millet, 48.53. In other words, the wild prairie grass, cured on the ground, contained a perceptibly greater percentage of food qualities than the best tame hay.

The Schools of Washington.

The following are the educational statistics for the State of Washington for the year 1895:

Total receipts, \$1,439,397.99; disbursements for teachers' wages, \$638,328.62; for all other purposes, \$546,492.49; total, \$1,184,821.11; balance on hand, \$254,576.88. Total value of all property, \$5,008,937; bonded debt of school districts, \$2,728,032; floating debt, \$1,279,338; average rate of interest paid on bonds, 7.21 per cent; number of districts having bonded indebtedness, 454; number of school districts in the State, 1,865; number of schoolhouses, 1,838; number of districts having graded schools, 139; whole number of census children between five and twenty-one years, 119,357; number of pupils enrolled in public schools, 90,217; average daily attendance, 61,676; average salary of male teachers per month, \$47.62; average salary of female teachers per month, \$42.28; total amount expended during the year for school purposes, including compensation for county superintendents, county examiners and expenses of teachers' institutes, \$1,227,721.19.

Edible Fish in Washington Rivers.

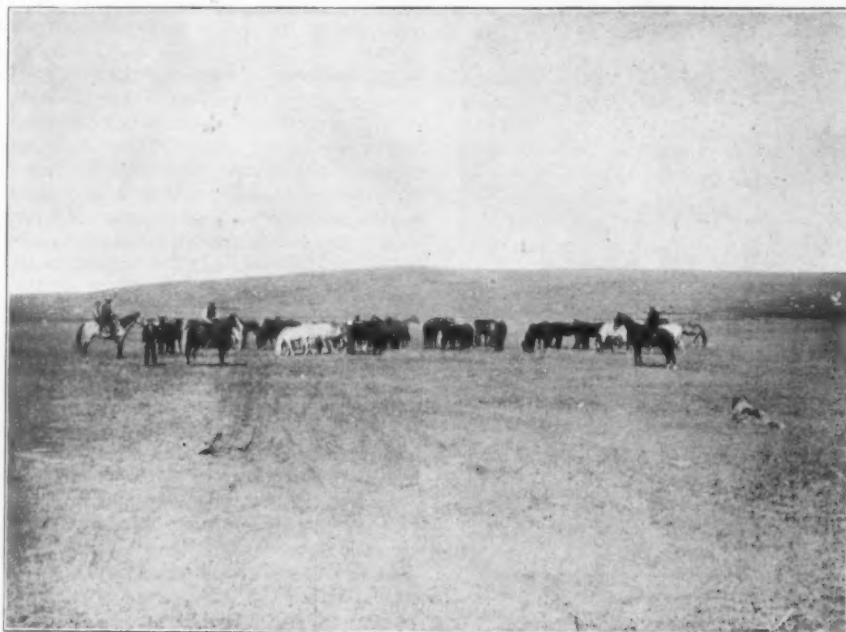
President Gamwell, of the Fairhaven Commercial Club, is authority for the statement that there are twenty-four varieties of edible fish found in the salt waters of Whatcom County, as follows: Anchovy, tom, ling, red and black cod, gray and white halibut, eels, flounders, herring, black and white perch, salmon—seven varieties, named in the order in which they run—silver, hookbill, dog, steelhead, spring or tyee, sockeye and humpback; sturgeon, smelt, sandfish, sole and trout. All

of these, except the halibut, are found in Bellingham Bay. In addition there are dogfish, ratfish and sharks, each of which has some commercial value, and clams, crabs, oysters and shrimps. All the varieties of salmon mentioned, except the sockeyes, spawn in the Nooksack River. The sockeyes seem to be entirely native to the Fraser River. Mr. Gamwell says that there were approximately 200,000 salmon caught at, and near the mouth of, the Nooksack River during the season of 1895, and he is a strong advocate of the Nooksack as a location for a fish hatchery.

Taught in a Western Agricultural College.

The State Agricultural College at Brookings, S. D., has 400 acres of land for farm, campus and garden, with fifteen buildings—counting three large college halls, together with barns, shops, laboratories, greenhouses and astronomical observatory. There is a library of about 4,000 volumes and about fifty current periodicals. There are machine, carpenter and forging shops, furnished with tools and machinery; a fully equipped dairy school; stock, teams, tools and machinery for the agricultural and horticultural departments, and finely appointed chemical, botanical, zoological, physical, veter-

of the district by a high range of mountains. The natural outlet of the valley is down the Flathead River into Montana, and the nearest railroad is the Great Northern. Some years ago, says the Canadian *Trade-Review*, attention was called to this section through the finding of crude oil in the possession of some Stoney Indians who annually hunted in that valley, and they were induced to show some miners where they obtained the oil—which they, the Indians, were in the habit of using as a medicine for complaints of all kinds. The surface indications are good, and two different kinds of oil have been obtained. On Kishneena Creek, a short distance north of the international boundary line, a black oil, similar to that of the Pennsylvania and Ohio oils, is found; but on Sage Creek, some eight miles north, there is found an oil that is nearly pure, of a light-yellow color, which will burn in a lamp as it comes from the ground. Close by there is natural gas escaping from the bed-rock, which burns freely on ignition. Some of this oil, sent to the Geological Museum at Ottawa, caused considerable excitement and comment and was pronounced a fraud on account of its purity. Dr. Selwyn, the head of the department, made a special trip into the valley and was surprised to find



HERDING HORSES IN THE COTEAUX COUNTRY, NORTH DAKOTA.

inary, pharmaceutical and culinary laboratories. These various laboratories have an equipment costing \$20,000 and afford first-class opportunities for student work and instruction. Besides the general courses, special courses are offered every term to those who desire to learn dairying and the management of creameries; two terms in practical steam engineering for those who wish to secure employment in running steam threshing-machine engines; shop-work in iron and wood every term; cooking, cutting and dress-making every term; instrumental and vocal music and elocution every term; drawing, wood-carving and clay moulding; shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping and business law. Students are invited to take any of these studies separately, or with the regular courses.

Oil in Kootenay.

One of the various resources of East Kootenay that is now awaiting development is located in the southwestern portion of the district and in a section of country of which but little is known, it being separated from the remainder

the oil genuine and, also, that it was found in the Cambrian formation, which was something unknown, as all the oil-fields hitherto discovered have been in the Trenton limestone. Directly due east of Sage Creek, and on the eastern slope of the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, in Alberta Territory, there are plenty of surface indications of crude oil, and the finding of these indications over so large an area and in the same formation, would go to show that there is a large oil-field awaiting capital to develop it.

Progress of Starch-Making in Manitoba.

The idea of making starch in Winnipeg is not a new one, observes the Winnipeg (Man.) *Nor'-Wester*, but it remained until quite recently for the idea to be put into successful practice. During the latter part of 1895 a corporation known as the Winnipeg Starch Company was organized, and during the month of December a thousand or so sample packages of wheat-starch were manufactured. This product was sent to leading experts and the result

proved so satisfactory that the company has decided to start the factory permanently in about two weeks' time. Mr. Ricker is confident that Manitoba wheat will make the best starch in the world, and his factory, when started, will be the only one of the kind in Canada. Nearly all the wheat-starch used in Canada is brought from the United States, although there is a large importation of other kinds from London, England. The Winnipeg company will place a run of stones and a bolting-machine in their works, and when the autumn season rolls round will introduce machinery for utilizing the potato crop. Wheat-starch is the highest priced, and while it goes further for laundry use, there is a demand for potato-starch as well, and the company will endeavor to keep up with the markets. For the manufacture of confectionery and for other purposes, the wheat and potato starches are mixed. While starting on a small scale in the present modest quarters, the company expects to erect a large building, fully adapted to their wants, at no distant date.

North Dakota's Record for 1895.

The latest semi-official statement of the total products and live-stock holdings of North Dakota for the year 1895, shows that although there was a decrease of 173,910 acres in the wheat acreage, the increase of acreage in other crops amounted to 310,013 acres. The material increase in dairy products, poultry and eggs, wool and live-stock, together with the increase in production of coarse grains and vegetables, indicates a rapid tendency toward substantial diversification, which course, if persistently pursued by the farmers of the State, will insure both individual and municipal prosperity.

The total products and the values thereof, are given as follows:

1894	Bushels of grain, etc.
Wheat	64,431,002
Oats	25,200,000
Barley	8,024,000
Flax	4,181,170
Rye	1,359,340
Corn	11,854,637
Millet and Hungarian, tons	230,000
Other tame grasses, tons	22,000
Prairie hay, tons	1,024,000
Potatoes	4,849,650
Roots of all kinds	275,000
Garden products, value of	\$70,020
Dairy Products.	
Cheese, pounds	5,207,915
Poultry and eggs, value	\$220,943
Wool clips, pounds	2,274,000
Live Stock.	
Horses	220,125
Cattle	426,010
Sheep	303,257
Hogs	75,532
Animals fattened and killed for home use, value	\$1,557,422
Sheep, cattle and hogs sold in markets outside of State, value	\$1,910,073
Horses sold markets outside of State, value	\$198,344
Coal Mines.	
Number of tons of coal mined	58,864

This statement proves conclusively that the crop of 1895 was a phenomenal one—exceeding that of 1891—and that the State is well off in all that goes to constitute a rapidly developing commonwealth.

Fruit-Growing in Eastern Montana.

In a paper read before the Montana State Horticultural Society at Stevensville, Mont., Feb. 14, by George H. Scott, it is shown that fruit-growing in that State is no longer a doubtful venture. Apples, pears, plums, cherries and all the small fruits, find a congenial clime. Mr. Scott says that Eastern Montana will become famous as a fruit-growing country. Its sheltered vales, reaching down from the mountains and grand mesas, and its valleys lying in the sunlight at the foot of snow-crowled peaks of mountain ranges, are to be occupied as orchard lands, vineyards and gardens and become rich

resources of revenue to the people who inhabit them. Montana is but in the infancy of this important industry. The climatic conditions are new to many, and the experience of others will avail all as an index pointing towards the ends most sought to attain. The people are all, more or less, amateurs, but earnest in their efforts to transform their lands into cultivated fields and prosperous orchards. There are many valleys where the hardy fruits of all kinds can be successfully produced, and the general excellence, as well as the abundance of the fruit of these usually young orchards, is first-class. In a great many of the valleys the apples, pears, plums and cherries—even peaches, in some of the more favored localities—are not only abundant but fine, having reached the highest perfection. Mr. Scott is of the opinion that horticulturists living in Montana can, as a general rule, depend upon a fair crop every year by judicious culture, careful treatment and frequent thinning out of the blossoms.

The Dunkards Passing Westward.

The St. Paul *Dispatch* says: "A stream of Dunkard migration has set in toward Idaho and other Northwestern States over the railroads leading in that direction from St. Paul.

borhood prevailing much as it did when the migration began from their original homes in Pennsylvania and Western Maryland. They are practically all Baptists, and are often called German Baptists. Until recently they had no regular ministry or schools with which to provide a class of men especially for that calling, but they are gradually yielding to modern influences in that respect, and therefore have established quite a good school in Indiana as a theological seminary. Any State that can acquire Dunkard accessions in any considerable numbers, can consider itself very fortunate in more senses than one. They may have some peculiar religious notions, but they are not at all harmful, while their indisposition to engage in litigation is another quality that recommends them as neighbors."

The *Dispatch* might have added that there are large and prosperous settlements of Dunkards in North Dakota, also, and that many other settlers of the same persuasion will make their homes in that State during 1896. Upon this subject the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert* speaks as follows:

"The State has secured in the past year or so a number of colonies of Dunkards, who have been settling up the eastern part of the State



CARTER'S FARM ON JAMES RIVER, NEAR JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA.

Without any disparagement of other groups of nationalities of home-seekers in that direction, it is due to truth to say that no better class of people, in an industrial and moral sense, forms a part of the great current of migration to the new lands of the Northwest than the people who are called Dunkards. In Mifflin, Blair, Huntington and Adams counties in Pennsylvania, and in Western Maryland and the Shenandoah Valley, are the original and principal hives of these industrious, religious and prosperous people. They have dwelt there for more than a century, and their farms are models of fertility and order. From these offshoots large colonies have gone forth in the past thirty years to Indiana, the greater bulk of those going to that State having settled in the neighborhood of Greencastle. Iowa, in the same time, has received a large share of Dunkard settlers, Blackhawk and Jasper counties having been in large part colonized by them. From these later settlements new offshoots are beginning to go still further West, the principle of grouping so as to bring many of them into the same neigh-

and are now moving westward. A colony of them have been looking over Foster County with a view of settling. They were driven to a number of farms and had ample opportunity to get statements from actual residents of this county. Their expectations have been more than met, and they decided to advise their friends to take advantage of the opportunity offered to settlers. There is a mistaken impression that the Dunkards are a set of foreigners. They are American-born citizens, farmers by occupation, and well-to-do, intelligent men. They are among the best farmers in the Middle States, industrious, economical and prosperous. Mr. Fisher, who had this particular party in charge, said that in visiting the States where their farms lie, it was easy to tell a Dunkard's property by the excellent cultivation of the land and the appearance of the farm. They visited North Dakota in midwinter so as to learn for themselves what the climate was. They were agreeably disappointed; for, although coming directly from a warmer State, they felt no inconvenience here from cold."



LITTLE JIM.

By Florence A. Jones.

It was very evident that something had happened in Lost Gulch. Down in the rough, board cabin that served as general store, post-office and saloon, were groups of brawny, red-shirted men who, judging by their conversation and swaggering manner, it were well to leave alone and to pass by on the other side. Some were conversing in low tones, others loudly and fearlessly, emphasizing their statements by frequent oaths; while a few wandered from group to group and listened to the various opinions given—without expressing any of their own. Even the postmaster, clothed in the dignity that was his by right of office, unbent enough to take part in the conversation, asking questions in a voice which he tried in vain to render indifferent. They had gathered here from their different claims, as was their custom, some in hope of a lone letter or paper from far-away friends, others to talk over their luck or ill-luck, as the case might be, and all expecting to treat and be treated. It was the one event of their dull, hard lives, and they made the most of it. But tonight there was a new subject of conversation, in which each fellow felt in duty bound to take part.

The cause of all this excitement was "Little Jim," or "Our Jim," as he was often called by the men, and he was the favorite of the miners far and near, who regarded him in a sort of paternal light that was rather amusing to the object of so much good-will. He was a slender, boyish-looking young fellow, with an air of refinement that made him seem very much out of place among his companions. He had come from the East—a vague term, but a very convenient one if questions became too pressing, which was not the case here, however; for, among miners, the code of honor forbids any questions as to past life; and if, in a moment of confidence, some crime were confessed, it but served to make him more truly one of them. He knew that, so far as any danger might threaten him in consequence of confession, he need have no fear, for torture would not have induced one of them to "peach" on another. He was safe, and he knew it. So, whether Little Jim had something to hide or not, no one knew and no one cared. Wearing a lazy, indifferent air, behind it one could see something which told of a fearless spirit and an iron will. Notwithstanding his youthful, innocent look, he could play as bold a hand as the oldest, drink his glass with the most hardened old toper there, and draw a brace of revolvers in a way that won for him the unqualified esteem of every man in camp. Yet he never seemed the worse for liquor, and never was first in a fight, nor the first out. In short, a royal good fellow was Little Jim; and, in spite of his well-understood ability to take care of himself, there was not a miner among them but would have fought to a finish for him if necessary.

Mining-camps, as a rule, are not exactly the center of the highest civilization and refinement, and Lost Gulch was more wild and lawless than the ordinary mining-camp. The men had come from everywhere, each seemingly the worst product of his own especial State. It was

a matter of boasting that more whisky was consumed there and that more men died there in their boots, than at any other two camps. Nothing was sacred to them—not even the name of wife, mother, or sweetheart. Some years before, partly in a spirit of fun and partly in earnest, they had formed a society among themselves which bound each man, by a solemn oath and severe penalty, never to marry. They pledged themselves, also, to hold no correspondence with any "female," the possible exceptions being a member of one's own family.

Little Jim laughed as he took the required oath. How were they to know that his heart was buried in a little grave in far-away New England, and that the keeping of the oath would involve no sacrifice? Little Jim—the fearless, the indifferent—was never suspected of possessing any finer or more tender feelings than they themselves possessed, and they never dreamed that he would be the first to make them trouble. For it was soon whispered about that our Jim had been receiving letters quite frequently in "female handwritin'," and a cautious inquiry was made. It could not be his sister, for he had already told them that his only sister, a twin, died in early womanhood; and, as he never mentioned mother, aunt or cousin, therefore Little Jim must have broken his oath. Big Patsey testified to having brought letters to him twice from the post-office, "with the fine, purty writin' on it," and others eagerly testified to seeing him receive just one letter at a time, when he "turned white and sort o' trembly like" as the postmaster made the brilliant remark that he "hoped *she* was well." Furthermore, it had finally become known that Little Jim had secured passage in the next stage for D—, from which place it was supposed he would start for the East; and to this was added the paralyzing information that Red Pete had seen him looking at "biled shirts" and neckties the last time they went together to D—. After this conclusive evidence there followed a silence that none seemed able to break. At last the spell was broken by Big Patsey making a motion to the effect that they should all be on hand next thursday night, as the stage left for D—, and thus see for themselves if their suspicions were correct. This was agreed to by all and they then adjourned, singly and in groups, to their respective cabins—each with a sense of loss, as if Little Jim had suddenly died.

What could they do? He had taken the oath voluntarily, knowing the penalty, and there was no way but to go through with it. Each man wished himself a thousand miles away, and even considered the advisability of leaving at once, throwing the execution of the penalty upon the others. Many a sad heart was there in Lost Gulch that night, and many an eye that never closed through the long, weary hours between bedtime and dawn.

During the days that followed, Little Jim noticed a change that the men tried in vain to hide, but he asked no questions and solicited no confidence. He was cheerful and happy, singing and whistling about his work as if nothing

had happened. To the men, who dreaded what the appointed day might bring, time passed all too swiftly. But Thursday came, at last, and again they gathered at the post-office, silent and gloomy, waiting for the stage, which soon came in sight down the dusty road. Little Jim entered the office hastily, received a letter and passed out—greeting the men as easily and cheerfully as ever. As the stage stopped at the door he hastily swung himself up to a place beside the driver, who, his business done, cracked his whip and was off like a flash.

With stern, set faces, the men looked at each other in silence.

"So be it," said Red Pete, who was a sort of a leader among them. "He knows what it means to bring a wife here, don't he, boys? There's no gettin' around it as I know on, and if so be he does bring a wife back here, I reckon ye all on ye knows what that means, don't ye?"

The answer, although in the affirmative, seemed strangely lacking in enthusiasm; and, as no one seemed anxious to express himself further, they separated for the night.

One night, a few weeks later, the boys were watching at the usual place for the arrival of the stage, which had been belated. It was dark, and the one dim lamp in the post-office looked like a red spark seen from a distance. As soon as the stage came in sight the miners all rushed to the door; and, as the ponderous conveyance stopped, the boys saw Little Jim step out and down and then turn around to help a little figure to alight. They could make out, in the very dim light, a slender woman dressed in black, and it was with open mouths that they watched the chivalrous care exercised by Little Jim as he assisted and guided her. They did not advance to greet them, however, and Little Jim, after a slight hesitation, slipped the woman's arm in his and turned away towards his cabin.

"Well, boys," said one, "you see for yourselves. He's got her, sure as guns! Now, what's to be done?"

There were angry exclamations and quick oaths. Ordinarily quick to think and quicker to act, they were ten-fold more so now. While waiting for the stage they had passed away the time by drinking more heavily than usual, and, under the influence of liquor, they became as obstinate and reasonless as cattle.

"Let's go down to the cabin and bring him out!" one of the party exclaimed. "I think he'll come," with a wicked laugh.

Off they started, growing more excited as they neared the place. Upon arriving they halted, looked at one another and then glanced at the little window. On the thin, white curtain was seen the shadow of two forms in a loving embrace. They saw their lips meet in a kiss, and saw the woman's hand smooth the hair caressingly from Little Jim's forehead.

"Enough of such d—d nonsense, boys! Call him out!"

Red Pete at once stepped to the door and rapped upon it with his revolver.

"What's wanted?" came in startled tones from the cabin.

"You are, Little Jim, and you're wanted bad; so come at once."

As Little Jim hesitated, the boys set up a yell that boded no good to the occupants of the cabin.

"Well, boys, what's the trouble? You seem to be in somewhat of a hurry. Can I be of any service to you in any way?"—and the words, uttered in a slow, lazy tone, were followed by a tantalizing laugh.

Their anger rose to white heat immediately. They rushed to the door in a body, determined to enter, but were brought to a sudden halt by



"Boys, allow me to introduce my mother!"

a brace of gleaming revolvers that were held in too close proximity for comfort.

"The first man who enters here, dies!" and Little Jim's face was as set and white as though carved in stone.

They stood still, undecided what to do next. Then Little Jim spoke.

"Well, boys, this seems to be a good time to explain. I don't exactly like the idea of killing a man first and then giving him a trial. What is the matter?"

"You broke your oath!" shouted a dozen voices at once.

Little Jim looked perplexed for a moment, then there came from his lips the merriest laugh the boys had heard in many a day.

"So that's it, is it? Well, as you have shown your good-will by such an early call, I feel in duty bound to introduce you to the little woman who has caused this commotion." And then, as a slender figure stepped from out the shadow, he said:

"Boys, allow me to introduce my mother!"

As she moved forward, the light shining on her soft, gray hair, she extended her hand to Red Pete and said:

"Will thee not enter? James and I will be very glad to welcome thee and thy friends."

How still it was! No one stirred, nor did anyone speak, until Little Jim said, laughingly: "Come on, boys! Don't be bashful. I'm sure you and my mother will be great friends. She's

a dear little mother"—patting her shoulder lovingly.

Then they entered—slowly, as if going to their own execution. But before they returned home, there was not one among them who did not envy Little Jim; and, in the days that followed, his home was their home, his mother their mother. Often, in her sweet, motherly way, she would read them gentle lectures, reproving them for an occasional oath that would inadvertently slip from their lips, greatly to the offender's anger with himself. They were model listeners, very meek and very humble indeed when "mother," with the blind mother-love—the love that cannot see because it will not, held Little Jim up as a pattern, giving thanks that she had a son who, under adverse circumstances, had kept himself "unspotted from the world;" but the laughter that rang out when they were at a safe distance, told that they held another opinion of her son's virtues. When Big Patsey could not keep still any longer, he said:

"Sure, and what she doesn't know she'll not learn from the likes o' us. Spile Little Jim? O Lord!" and he rolled on the ground in mirth.

So Little Jim's mother remained in ignorance of much that would have lessened her faith in her child's perfections. He was tender, dutiful, blameless in all his relations with her, at the very least; and, no matter what blemishes his character bore, let us trust that they were

somewhat mellowed by the sacredness of the life he lived within that lowly cabin home.

INDEPENDENT REORGANIZATION OF THE N. P.

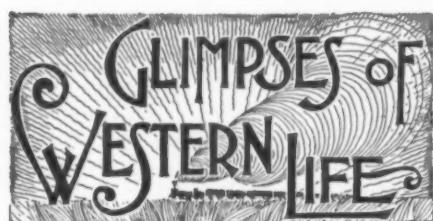
The *Chicago Railway Age* says: "It is worth noticing in conclusion that the plan speaks always of the independent reorganization now contemplated, with the word independent in italics. It is to be presumed that this is to indicate that all idea of an alliance of the property with, or its subordination to, the Great Northern has been abandoned definitely and permanently. The process of conversion and reorganization will necessarily be slow, but it is reasonable to believe that by the end of the present year the Northern Pacific will be fairly started on its new career, with money in hand for all necessary expenditures for some time to come, and a common-sense policy marked out for it which will give it a chance to prove its worth."

TO VIRGINIA.

I saw the bright sun tenderly caress
A violet, bathed with morning dew;
Then, passing onward, drowsy with delight,
He slept, and dreamed but of her loveliness.

Oh, if you plucked that violet from her home,
And kissed the dew-drops off her petals fair,
Soon would the sun neglect his youthful love—
To drain of you, the loveliest, alone!

A. JESSUP.



THE OLD FRENCH FOUR.

Way back in Indiana,
When the evening chores were done,
We'd lay our books and papers by
And conjure up some fun;
Maybe John would get his fiddle out,
While we cleared the kitchen floor,
And we'd all take turns a dancing
The old French four.

While father smoked contentedly
Beside the kitchen stove,
And mother smiled in sympathy
And dearest mother-love,
The storm against the casement
Was merging in a roar,
While we youngsters were a dancing
The old French four.

That fiddle heard our laughter—
It was like the birds of spring,
The way that John would pull the bow
And fairly make her sing!
The trees were shaking giant arms,
The rain was just a-pour,
As we limbered up our ankles in
The old French four.

Those dear old times have passed away,
And we ourselves grown old;
Our parents dear are sleeping there
Beneath the tender mold.
But for downright fun and frolic,
Just clear the kitchen floor,
And set the young folks dancing
The old French four.

HATTIE L. INMAN

Olympia, Wash.

Capture of a Golden Eagle.

John George, a resident of the valley, captured an immense golden eagle in a steel trap on Lookout Mountain, last week. The bird measures over eight feet from tip to tip, has a beautiful head of a deep, gold color, and powerful claws four inches long. The bird is being artistically mounted by David Bryant. The golden eagle has become a very rare bird and is exceedingly hard to capture, as they are vigilant and timid, and make their home about the most inaccessible peaks and crags.—*Roslyn (Wash.) Sentinel.*

A Black Hills Incident.

Over at the dance-hall, says the Lead City *Call*, was a gay and frisky married man who was basking in the smiles of the damsels who frequent the place. He was on the head set and was enjoying a touch of high life in all its glory, when his wife entered in search of him. As her eyes caught sight of her worse half dancing with one of the fairies, she made for him and demanded that he leave the place at once and go home. "Wait until I finish this dance," said the frisky husband. But his wife did not wait. She just took him by the ear and led him out in a hurry, while the crowd present looked on in amusement. It is leap-year, you know, and the woman had a right to do it. The occurrence was soon forgotten by the inmates, and the dance went merrily on.

A Brave Minnesota Girl.

Miss Emma C. Sickles, of Minneapolis, has been awarded the gold medal of La Savateur Society of France. This is a distinguished honor, as only persons who have performed acts of heroism are ever given the plain gold cross with the motto "To Live or to Perish" engraved upon it. At the time of the Indian outbreak

at Pine Ridge, Miss Sickles, who was superintendent of the Indian school at the Agency, went unattended to the camp of the red warriors and persuaded two of the chiefs to return under a flag of truce. Later, when the hostiles were coming in according to the agreement, they were halted by the news of the battle of Wounded Knee and Gen. Miles was about to order an attack, when the brave woman again went among them to explain matters. Her mission of peace was so successful that a battle was averted and many lives were saved. The medal is a worthy recognition of a brave woman's timely services, and shows that a good deed shines a long way. It is the first to be conferred on an American woman, and none is more nobly qualified to wear the distinction than the brave Minnesota girl.

Winter Entertainments in North Dakota.

Among the entertainments, charitable and otherwise, provided for the long winter evenings in North Dakota, is what is known as the "Poverty Party," an invitation to which we copy from the Casselton (N. D.) *Reporter*:

"Ye be all herewith invited to a gathering to be held on ye evening of Friday ye 17th of January of ye year of our Lord 1896, in ye room where ye Jeweler Lindsey's ancient time-piece used to tock. Such gathering is to be given in ye spirit of ye hard times which do now prevail, and

Fifteen pennies it shall be to all,
Whether it be greater or small.

"Ye women must wear ye cotton gowne and apron, or equally befitting apparel. Ye menne must wear ye plain attire. Such menne as do bedeck themselves with gold watch-chain or brocade tie, shall pay a fine of five cents. Ye man and ye woman who shall appear at such partie in garments most suitable, shall partake of ye supper free of compensation. Ye select committee will enforce ye rules, introduce strangers, and befriende ye bashful young menne.

"Ye list of ye fines and penalties for breaking ye rules, will be announced at a later period."

Some Queer Verdicts.

The Walla Walla *Statesman* is reminded, by the examination as to Convict Benson's insanity, of some queer verdicts. The case is recalled of a man named Murphy at Wallula, who had killed an Indian, and when tried for murder the jury brought in a verdict of assault and battery.

In a case at Colfax, before Judge Langford, a man was tried for adultery. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, but recommended the defendant to be reprimanded. "Reprimanded!" roared Judge Langford, "reprimanded! If the man is not guilty, what in the name of justice and common sense should he be reprimanded for? If the man is deserving of a reprimand, you should have done it yourselves by finding him guilty. Bring him in guilty and I will reprimand him. I am not going to reprimand an innocent man."

These instances remind the *Statesman* of the verdict of the committee of clergymen who cleared Rev. Fulmer, at Kent, a few days ago, for alleged familiarities with the young ladies of his flock. They exonerated him, but "deprecate the physical examination" of the ladies that he instituted, for the reason that he is neither a physician nor a surgeon!

A Ride on a Gold-Pan.

George W. Savage, a mining expert who lives in Butte, states the Livingston (Mont.) *Post*, relates a peculiar experience that occurred to him while prospecting in the neighborhood of Emigrant a short time ago. He climbed up a

long, steep bluff, with a gold-pan, to examine some cement-like dirt near the top. When he had completed his examination he came to the conclusion that it would save a great deal of labor on his part if he sat in the pan and slid down to the level ground. This improvised toboggan worked like a charm, with one exception—it got decidedly warm! Mr. Savage started down the hill at a rate of speed that rivaled the runaway street-cars on Montana Street in Butte. He enjoyed the first part of the ride and thought it was immense, but before he reached the bottom his toboggan became unbearably warm, and the last 100 yards or so of his journey were made in agony. Upon arriving at a standstill at the bottom of the hill, Mr. Savage found that the gold-pan was nearly red-hot and that, where it had come in contact with his overalls, it had burned a hole through them and his shirt as well. Unfortunately, the burning was not confined to his overalls and shirt! It struck deeper than that, and for several days he found considerable more pleasure in standing up than in sitting down.

A Race with a Sea-Lion.

Gilbert Belleque went to the beach last Monday and went without his gun, says the *Ocean Wave* of Tillamook, Oregon. It was a warm, pleasant day in the sunshine, when sea-lions like to come ashore and sleep in the comfortable sand. When Gilbert came to the cape he saw in a small, circular sandy cavity at the base of the cape, a large sea-lion which was lying perfectly still and quietly sleeping in the warm sunshine. At first sight he thought it was dead, but when he came up within a few feet and threw a stone at it, he discovered that it was alive. When the rock struck the animal he became angry and, seeing his assailant so near by, made for him. Then an exciting race was had for fifteen or twenty steps. The pursued and frightened young man was very active, however, and soon mounted a ledge of rocks near by, which was several feet high, and was out of danger of the monstrous lion. From this high and safe position he was master of the situation and hurled rocks at the monster as a matter of amusement and revenge. They would bound off like rubber balls thrown on a stick of timber. The animal tried to fight the stones for awhile, as they struck him, but finally he went off to his little cave again and went to sleep, without having done any material damage or suffered any great inconvenience in the encounter. Gilbert says the animal was about ten or twelve feet in length, some three feet broad, stood two and a half feet high and would probably weigh 500 or 600 pounds.

A Perambulating Pudding.

By some of his friends he is called "Spokane's Ward McAllister," by others he is simply referred to as "chappy," but by all who have seen him as he promenades up and down the street, he is recognized as the most stylishly dressed person in the city. He is proud of this distinction, and never appears on the street with a ruffle in his attire. He is naturally quite a favorite with the ladies. Last week he secured one of the latest fads—a corduroy vest, and, with a nice, red necktie and the latest style derby, he walked out on the street. He immediately joined a couple of young ladies on Riverside Avenue, and, on either side, walked with them talking in his most charming manner. In one of the upper-stories of a Riverside block devoted to housekeeping, a very industrious housewife had been baking several extra large custard pies, and on the outer edge of the window-sill had set them to cool. Just how it happened, of course no one can tell; but as the swell young man and the two young ladies

reached the point directly under the window, one of the pies slipped off and, with the custard end sideward, came down like a cannon ball. It struck the young man square on the head. The tin rebounded and lit a dozen feet away, but not so with the custard—it stayed right there! The soft bottom crust settled around his head like a nightcap. The hard-baked edge broke into several parts and jabbed down between his neck and the high "stand-up-lay-down" collar, while the custard part of the pie, which was not very well done, oozed down his face and ran into his ears, eyes and mouth, some of it trickling down on the new vest. Of course, every one that saw the accident laughed, and the young man was by no means comforted when the young ladies, carefully eyeing their escort and seeing the nice custard running down on all sides, burst out laughing and said, "Oh, Mr. —! You look like a pudding!"—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

The Old Mountain Hospitality.

"We were treated to a taste of old times during our recent trip into the mountains," said

Gulch, where I am going to represent on my claims. Seeing your house I dropped in, and I am glad to say I enjoyed the feast very much. I am sorry I couldn't stay to thank you, but I have to keep along the way. I will be in Helena New Year's day, and if you are in the city, call on me at the International. Come in if you are up Rattlesnake Gulch way."

"Of course, we didn't begrudge him the food he took, but who would think of coolly helping himself and going along his way without ever seeing the men who lived there, except an old prospector—one who had lived in Montana in the early days and had not gotten out of the ways of those times? There was something breezy about the entire transaction that charmed us. We were not the least bit angry, as we might have been if we had gone to the cabin to find only that some one had been there and departed without a word of explanation to account for the disappearance of a goodly portion of that mince pie."

Mannerisms of Canadians.

In speaking of the habits, customs, etc., of

eaten from the shell, and the practice of breaking them into a glass or cup is regarded with horror. Butter is never served at dinner, except at the cheese-course, when celery and biscuits are also handed. A Canadian, like an Englishman, uses his knife and fork constantly during dinner, never taking the fork in the right hand except to eat pastry or pudding or fish, when no fish-knife is provided. There are fewer sauces, pickles, and relishes on the Canadian than on the American dinner-table, but the mustard-pot is in constant requisition. I know Canadians in New York who carry their own about with them, having experienced much difficulty in persuading their respective boarding-house keepers of the necessity of this article of diet. Canadians do not drink as much iced water as Americans do, and, in fact, rarely touch it, except in hot weather. The prodigality which is so distinctive of American dinner-tables, is not often seen in Canada. Fruits and vegetables are less abundant and higher priced there than here. During the winter months, especially, only the well-to-do classes can afford to indulge in such luxuries.



A DELSARTE CLASS IN JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA.—From a photo by C. L. Judd.

George B. Hopkins recently to the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*. He had just returned from an expedition to some prospects he has, and on which he had been performing the necessary assessment work.

"We found a cabin and settled down for the trip," he said, "and considered ourselves fortunate in having a cook who was equal to anything anywhere. One day he made a couple of mince pies, and they were left on the table to cool while we were out at work. In our absence, some one came along who was evidently an old-time prospector, and he proceeded to make himself at home. He opened the door and walked in. Then he built a fire in the cook-stove and cooked himself a bit of everything he could find that was good to eat. He polished off three-quarters of one of our mince pies, and a good quantity of everything else. Then he carefully washed the dishes, set things to rights again, and went on his way. We only knew him from a note he left behind. He said:

"I happened along on my way to Rattlesnake

our friends across the border, an American correspondent says:

"In conversation with Canadians, Americans notice many expressions which are not in use among their own countrymen. The Canadian eats his porridge for breakfast like an Englishman, and stares when he hears you ask for oatmeal. A lady from St. John, N. B., once caused some consternation in a New York boarding-house by asking the waiter to bring her some porridge at once. The fellow hastened to the kitchen and informed the astonished landlady that Mrs. — insisted on having partridge for breakfast. He had never heard oatmeal called by any other name. The writer has seen Americans look puzzled when asked at table to hand the biscuits, a term applied in this country chiefly to hot bread, but in Canada used to designate crackers of every variety. Canadians do not, as a rule, eat hot bread for breakfast, a meal in their country consisting generally of porridge, bacon, eggs, dry-toast, with marmalade or jam, and coffee. Soft-boiled eggs are always

On the other hand, the quality of certain Canadian products is much superior to that of the same articles produced in this country. Just at this time of year Americans would consider an ordinary Canadian dinner a feast fit for the gods. The Malpeque and Caraquette oysters are so much superior in flavor to our blue-points, that the knowing gourmet never insults them by adding lemon juice or tobacco or salt and pepper to them, but swallows them au naturel, and regrets that he cannot devour the shell, which smacks deliciously of the most delicate of all *bonnesbouches*. Canada mutton is another delicacy which Americans much enjoy, after our somewhat tasteless native product. The ale of the country is also a pleasant surprise to visitors from this side, being light, sparkling, and deliciously stimulating. Canada cheese has a world-wide reputation. Less known, but not less worthy of fame, are the Canadian apples, especially the Montreal fameuse and the snow apples, which cannot be surpassed for delicacy and flavor."



FAITHFUL IN LIFE AND DEATH.

By Alda M. Miller.

For at least fifteen years, a large portion of several counties in South Dakota has received but little rain except during one year, and that crop was the only really good one in all that time. In consequence of failure after failure, a large percentage of the farms have been mortgaged to real estate dealers and money-lenders, and the mortgages have been foreclosed and the homes deserted, leaving the buildings untenanted and the land to be overrun by weeds. Among these weeds the coyote and jack-rabbit flourish; and the owl and the bat have established their habitations where, formerly, human families lived and loved, and builded bright hopes for a brighter future—hopes long since dashed to the ground. Most of these deserted houses have been ransacked by unprincipled people who still live in the vicinity. Doors and windows have been removed, boards torn off, and even the floors and roofs have been carried away. When irrigation, by means of artesian wells, shall become an established fact, and when enough money is brought into this country to establish them, there will be a radical change in the order of things, for water is all that is needed to make this now dreary land a veritable garden of the West.

In one of these counties, among many deserted and dilapidated houses there is one that stands untouched by the hand of vandal or pillager. It is a small, frame building that had formerly been painted white, but which is now so weather-beaten that the last traces of paint have almost disappeared. A little shed is built over the door, and two windows light up the little apartment, which contains a stove, cupboard, three chairs and a small, single-bed, on the cricket-eaten coverlet of which lies the accumulated dust of almost fifteen years. Some passing animal has broken a pane of glass in one of the low windows, and through the opening the east wind blows, sweeping the dust from the floor and showing a large, dark stain near the window.

It is a stain of blood.

Through the broken window, too, the swallows enter in the summer-time to build their mud-walled nests. Two stately cottonwood-trees overshadow the little cottage, between which lies a solitary grave, where sleeps the former owner. The whole neighborhood eyes this death-guarded house with superstitious awe, for it is said that, at midnight, a dim light can be seen in the little cottage, and that the silent watcher oft arises from his sod-covered bed and, entering the house, goes to the little cupboard near the south window, and opens and searches it as if for something that he cannot find. Then, seating himself in a chair, he stoops to caress some invisible object, bending down as if to take its head between his hands and, finally, leaning forward as if to rest his face against a loved companion's. Now dismal groans break the ghostly silence; the bowed form arises, presses his hands to his forehead and crosses over to the other window, from which he seems to gaze long and earnestly toward the east, as if taking a last farewell look at some

beloved object. With another caress for the unseen animal at his side, he suddenly raises his hand to his head. A flash of fire lights up the dim outlines of the little room, a flash that is followed immediately by a dull report—and the figure totters and falls.

For a moment, all is silent. Then rises on the still, night air the long-drawn, piercing wail of a dog, as if in mortal agony. Many have heard that long, wierd wail, and many have seen a dim, wavering light hovering near the lonely cottage; but superstition has aided greatly in the other details of the midnight programme. The light may be explained by the fact that an old well stands between the grave and the cottage door, where an accumulation of vegetable matter has been driven by the wind. It is well-known that decaying vegetable matter throws off a luminous gas which, when there is no wind, hovers over the place where it is generated. The old cellar, too, was, at the time of the owner's demise, nearly half-full of roots and vegetables, which decomposed and was yearly added to by the leaves and rubbish which were blown through the cellar window and crumbling walls by the winds.

By the few people who remain in that drouth-stricken country, it is remembered that the former owner of the claim was a young Swede—of rather prepossessing appearance, though silent and reserved. He always used to be accompanied by his dog—a large, wolf-colored animal containing a mixture of mastiff and greyhound blood in his veins. The man, whose name was Ole Nelson, was greatly attached to the dog, and the animal returned his affection in full measure. The same spring that Ole entered his land, a young lady took the claim adjoining on the east. She was a straightforward, energetic young woman who, for several years, had supported her widowed mother, and nearly half a score of young step-sisters and brothers, by teaching. Mother and daughter each took a claim, and the older boys were fast becoming large enough to assist materially in the farm-work. This young lady, whose name was Jessie McDonald, with the usual thrift of her Scottish ancestors had at once taken to farming in earnest, guiding and directing the boys and erecting, with her own hands, the shanties on both claims. During the spring she followed resolutely the breaking-plow and the slow, plodding oxen until she had Jack, the eldest boy, thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of turning the prairie sod.

As teachers were very scarce in that vicinity, the directors of the two adjacent districts endeavored to persuade Miss McDonald to teach in their respective schools, offering her the highest wages they could possibly afford. Neither was willing to yield her to the other, well-knowing how difficult it would be to find another and so capable an instructor—if, indeed, they got one of any description! After thinking the matter over, the young lady made a proposition which was readily accepted by the directors. She proposed to teach both schools at the same time. They were to pay full wages

for each school, and she was to give each pupil six hours' instruction every school-day and advance both schools as rapidly as if taught separately. She then fulfilled her part of the contract thus:

Each district had a claim-shanty which was used for a schoolhouse. She instructed the scholars to collect at their respective school-houses. Then, driving past the first school-house, she took in the waiting scholars and went on to the next one, where school was kept, and where, by permission, she made use of the not over-abundant school apparatus of both districts. At night she returned her little flock to their own schoolhouse—her fast-stepping broncho traversing the intervening five miles in an incredibly short space of time.

Since he first saw Miss McDonald, the silent young Swede had worshiped her from a distance. Many a brace of fine grouse—many a string of shining fish, found their way to her own and her mother's table; and every time he intended to go to the distant town, he would ask if they did not have some commission—which he would be only too happy to perform. But, with the shy inconsistency of his nature, it was never the young lady direct whom he addressed. One of the boys would carry his messages and convey to him the answers; therefore it was a total surprise to Miss Jessie when he came to her cottage, one day after school, and made her an offer of his hand and heart without the usual formalities of acquaintance and courtship. Being almost an utter stranger to her and having, besides, a lover in her own station of life, she very naturally declined the proffered honor. The disappointed and heart-broken young man went back to the home where he had hoped to introduce a mistress, got his revolver and, after caressing his beloved dog and gazing long and earnestly at the cottage of his adored one, sent a bullet crashing through his brain and thus passed from this mortal stage.

The innocent cause of this sad tragedy, deeply grieved at the course the Swede had taken and soon seeing the utter uselessness of attempting to make a valuable homestead in a country where rain is such a rarity, disposed of her claim and, with her family, removed to an Eastern town. A brother of the young suicide came and took away his team, cow, and what little other property of value he possessed, but the barn, house and furniture were left exactly as he found them, and the body of the unfortunate man was buried between the tiny cottonwood-trees which he had planted with his own hands not far from the cabin door. This done, the brother went his own way and was soon lost sight of and forgotten in the outside world.

Was the suicide forgotten? Yes. Too soon, alas, by his human friends, but not by his faithful dog—his inseparable companion during life. After the death of his master the dog remained on the claim and guarded the lone grave. When the weather was very cold he slept in the deserted barn, where his master had made a little door for his especial use. He managed, by means of the greyhound blood of his ancestors, to catch a rabbit or squirrel now and then, but kept growing thinner and more wolfish-looking as the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months. Passers-by would sometimes see his gaunt form crouching between the cottonwoods, or hear the long, dismal wail of sorrow or of hunger issuing from the small, sod-covered barn. Summer passed into winter and winter gave way to spring and then to summer, and still the spark of life clung to the attenuated form of the faithful creature. Several kindly disposed people, taking compassion on his sorrow and utter loneliness, endeavored to coax him away; but his heart was buried in the grave of his master, and all such attempts were vain. A

few months later, however, the cold winds of that second Dakota winter proved too much for him in his reduced condition, and he died where he had passed so many dreary hours—on the grave of the master that lay between the cottonwoods. There he was found by a passing traveler, his thin nose pressed between his bony forepaws and lying over the breast of the man who had loved not more truly, nor half so faithfully, as himself.

Since then, the grave between the cottonwoods has been alternately scorched by summer's heat and swept by winter's blasts, and the body of the faithful dog has become nothing but a scattered heap of whitened bones. The story of the master's ghost may be only the outgrowth of the superstitious minds of those who claim to have seen the apparition, but the house remains unsacked by the pillager. Russian thistles grow luxuriantly over the little, sod-covered barn; the ashes of the suicide have lain for nearly fifteen years beneath the now tall cottonwoods, and the mouldering bones of the dog—faithful unto, and even beyond, death, lie unburied still—desecrated by the pitilessly unheeding elements. In such a case, we would be almost willing to accept the doctrine of Buddha, which—after the hour of death—gives a soul and a reward to the faithful creatures who have been so true to us during life, and whose loyalty and unselfish companionship follow where no mortal footsteps tread.



A young person asked a bibliophile in St. Paul if any of Eugene Field's books would live beyond this generation? The bibliophile happened to be a bachelor, to whom Field's child-songs, "With Trumpet and Drum," and "The Love Songs of Childhood," did not appeal at all. Neither was he a classical scholar; so "The Echoes From a Sabine Farm," in which Field has paraphrased Horace in our racy, Western vernacular, was a closed book to him. Nevertheless, the answer of this bibliophile to the young person was a significant one, since it revealed the broadness of Eugene Field's mind in adapting himself to many and wholly different types. It was: "So long as there are book collectors, Eugene Field's 'Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac' will live." As might have been expected from Field's story of "Flail, Trask and Bisland," found in "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," and his poem "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" are records of his affection for books,—beginning with the "New England Primer" on which was inscribed the couplet,

"My Book and Heart
Must never part,"

and ending with the chapter entitled "Our Debt to Monkish Men." In the latter chapter he has celebrated the virtues of those famous old bibliomaniacs, Richard de Bury, Poggio Bracciolini, and Alcuin. The following is Field's account of them: "Richard de Bury was the king, if not the father, of bibliomaniacs. He was chancellor and treasurer of Edward III., and his official position gained him access to public and private libraries and to the society of literary men. Moreover, when it became known that he was fond of such things, people from every quarter sent him and brought him old books. * * * All that we have of the histories of Livy come to us through Poggio Bracciolini's industry as a manuscript-hunter. This same worthy found, and brought away from different monasteries, a perfect copy of Quin-

tilian, a Cicero's oration for Cæcina, a complete Tertullian, a Petronius Arbiter, and fifteen or twenty other classics almost as valuable as those I have named. * * * And what inspiration and cheer does every book-lover find in the letter which that grand old bibliomaniac, Alcuin, addressed to Charlemagne: 'I, your Flaccus, according to your admonitions and good will, administer to some in the house of St. Martin the sweets of the Holy Scriptures; others I inebriate with the study of ancient wisdom; and others I fill with the fruits of grammatical lore. Many I seek to instruct in the order of the stars which illuminate the glorious vault of heaven. But in doing this I discover the want of much, especially those exquisite books of scholastic learning which I possessed in my own country, through the industry of my good and most devout master, Egbert.'"

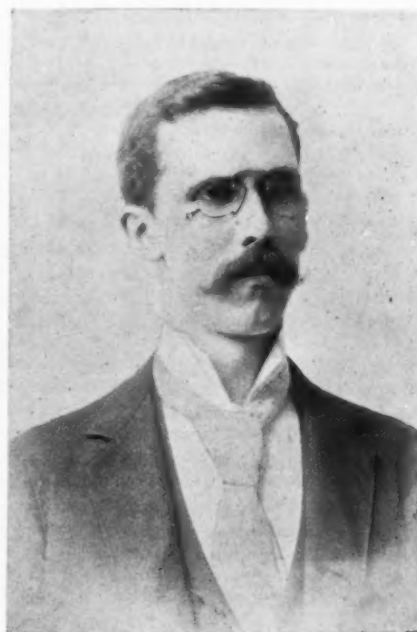
The Sabine Edition of Eugene Field's works, published by Scribner's Sons from new plates by De Vinne, is such an edition as would have delighted the heart of the author in his life-time. In his introduction to the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," Mr. Roswell Martin Field, the only brother of Eugene Field, writes:

"Himself an indefatigable collector of books, the possessor of a library as valuable as it was interesting, a library containing volumes obtained only at the cost of great personal sacrifice, my brother was in the most active sympathy with the disease called bibliomania, and knew, as few comparatively poor men have known, the half-pathetic, half-humorous side of that incurable mental infirmity."

"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "The House," and all the other stories, verses and sketches of Eugene Field, will be published in the Sabine Edition and in separate volumes by Scribner's Sons.—For sale by E. W. Porter & Co. MARY J. REID.

"Beyond the Palæocrystic Sea," is a tale of Scandinavian life in the heroic days of the Norse Vikings, attached to an imaginary story of arctic adventure and discovery. The author is A. S. Morton, a well-known St. Paul railroad official, who has not lost an early penchant for literary work in his monotonous dealings with figures and accounts. The prelude tells of the discovery, by a member of an arctic expedition in 1885, of a manuscript sewed up in walrus skin which had drifted ashore at a point far north on Smith's Sound. This manuscript proves to be the narrative of a French creole sailor, Pierre Vacheron by name, who was lost from the Kane expedition in search of Franklin, by drifting out into the open polar sea upon an iceberg. The iceberg was drawn northward in a strong polar current for three days; the weather grows milder and milder, and just as the castaway is ready to perish of hunger and of alarm at the steady melting of the berg, he discovers the walls of a strange city standing upon an unknown shore. He is rescued by the inhabitants, who worship him as their former king, Halfjold, who had promised their forefathers, centuries before, that he would return from the dead and show them the way to escape from their barren and isolated polar island to the home of their ancestors in Norway. These polar people turn out to be the descendants of a Norse king and his followers, who, when beaten in war, took ships to migrate to Iceland or Greenland, and were swept into the open polar sea and shipwrecked upon a land from which they were unable to escape. They are degenerate Norseman, mild, amiable and superstitious, who have lost many of the arts their ancestors possessed. They live in stone huts and subsist on fish and on a single vegetable resembling a turnip. The climate is much milder, however, than that of Southern Greenland.

Thus far in the book the reader expects that the tale will develop into an imaginary study of a degenerate people, and will thus furnish an antithesis to such stories as Bulwer's "Coming Race" and two or three more recent novels which picture a race of wonderfully advanced people living near the pole or in the center of the earth, but in this he is disappointed; for, after a few pages describing the manners of the dwellers beyond the Palæocrystic Sea, the writer breaks off abruptly into the Norse tale of King Halfjold, his loves, his wars, his heroes, his defeat, and his flight from his kingdom. This tale is gleaned by the castaway, Pierre Vacheron, from the legends of the people whom he rules. He writes it to while away the time. He has not accepted any of the numerous women offered him as wives, for he is true to his creole wife in Louisiana, and the business of ruler and resurrected hero becomes very tiresome.



A. S. MORTON, OF ST. PAUL, AUTHOR OF "BEYOND THE PALÆOCRISTIC SEA."

Finally he puts the legend, together with his own narrative, in the walrus skin and commits the package to the waves, in the hope that it will be found by some arctic expedition and that he will be rescued. The book shows a familiarity with narratives of arctic adventure and a love for Norse legends and mythology, and is written in an easy and pleasing style. Chicago printers and binders have put it in very handsome shape, and it is for sale in St. Paul by E. W. Porter & Co. Price, \$1.50.

WASHINGTON IN MINIATURE.

Washington embraces all sorts of country—lofty mountains crowned with perpetual snow and more impressive than the Alps; enormous forests of pine, fir and cedar; rich, rolling prairies, where more wheat is grown to the acre than anywhere else in the United States; extensive plains too dry for farming, but good for pasture; an ocean coast-line of 300 miles and a much longer coast-line on navigable bays, on that beautiful inland sea called Puget Sound, and mines of gold and silver and big, navigable rivers. The climate, says the Puyallup *Commerce*, is as mild in the eastern part as that of Virginia, and in the western part it closely resembles that of the south of Ireland.



BILL MEADE.

Who bets his money just like chaff,
And then gets "hot" because we laugh,
And bellows like a sucking calf!

Bill Meade.

Who's jolly and morose by turns?
Who blows in every cent he earns?
Who never thinks, and never learns?

Bill Meade.

Who is as short as he is fat?
Who bets ace-high against a "pat"—
And then says, "Damn such luck as that!"

Bill Meade.

Who says, "I'll bet a stack of blues
An ace-full beats two pair of twos"—
And then says, "Hell! I always lose?"

Bill Meade.

Who thinks it's always time to treat?
Who never yet refused to eat?
Who goes to sleep upon his feet?

Bill Meade.

Whose honesty knows no disguise?
Whose heart is limitless in size?
Whose friendship do we dearly prize?

Bill Meade's.

Portland, Ore.

8.

An Indefinite Irish Bull.

The old saying, "so near and yet so far," is quite true in mining and is all the time happening. It was illustrated recently, says the *Western Mining World*, by an Irishman who abandoned a prospect which another took up and in which he found ore before digging ten feet. While bemoaning his luck the former owner said: "I'll never quit on a mine again until I've dug ten feet deeper!"

A North Dakota Ogre.

The Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald* has an artist who proposes to have subjects to operate upon whether they will or no, as witness the following from a recent number of that excellent journal:

"The *Herald's* cartoonist desires to remind editors and other prominent citizens that they will gain nothing by withholding their photos from him; they will fare no better if he has to depend on memory, hearsay or imagination. Better send 'em along, gentlemen."

Really, that is a bull we would not care to take by the horns. Photo cartoons are grievous enough, as all North Dakota knows, but better those than to throw away every restraining influence and give to the artist's imagination a free and easy scope that would dwarf ridicule and turn manly beauty into a misty reminiscence.

Sudden Notoriety.

"Bud" Hersey and Major Tucker enjoyed a ride the other day which they will remember for some time. It was a ride in the patrol wagon, through crowded streets, with the quidnunc gazing at them with staring eyes, and here and there a friend hailing them to ask what the trouble was and making offers of bail to any amount. They were down Sibley Street a way when a fire broke out, and soon Fourth Street was blocked with hose. They anathematized the fire and the cable and other stoppages, too, for they wanted to ride up-town. Herman Oppenheim, the rosy assistant city attorney, had a happy thought and told them to ride with

him in the patrol wagon. Thinking no evil, after the manner of charity, they accepted and very soon, in the language of the labored editorial, they were "the cynosure of all eyes." The gong rang all the way up the street, the horses galloped, and their progress was a triumph, a triumph of suspicion, with an overture of familiar yells from unfamiliar people, for the street was crowded on account of the fire alarm.

"I wouldn't have minded so much," said Mr. Hersey afterwards, "if it hadn't been for that d—d gong!"—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

He Outtalked the Barber.

Grand Forks has a barber who butted a talkative traveling man and a lot of the boys clear over the fence the other day. The barber doesn't say much and is, therefore, an anomaly in the tonsorial line. The boys sent in a former dime museum man to get shaved, with instructions to talk the barber to death—and then a number dropped in to see the sport. The fellow did his talking with wonderful verbosity, but the artist shaved without a smile. When done, the talkative customer and would-be humorist arose from the chair and asked what was to pay, and for answer the barber opened his drawer and took out a card which read:

"I am deaf and dumb."

Then the museum man was in spirits to whip the crowd.—*Cassellon (N. D.) Reporter*.

It Made Him Comb His Hair.

Seeing Attorney-General Clapp's name frequently mentioned as a candidate for governor of Minnesota, reminds a correspondent of the *Minneapolis Journal* of a love feast which was held at Faribault when the new opera-house was completed. Quite a number of St. Paul gentlemen were invited, among them being Mr. Clapp. When the party boarded the train they met G. W. Baxter, of Faribault. Mr. Baxter was slated to make the principal speech at the exercises and had prepared it with more than his usual care, feeling that he was about to make a great hit when he delivered it. He took General Clapp into his confidence and gave him his manuscript to read. Before the train reached Faribault, the general had had time to read the speech three times. When the gentlemen appeared before the invited guests at the opera-house, the attorney-general was invited to make a brief speech. He arose and proceeded to do so. After he had spoken a few sentences, Mr. Baxter noticed something familiar about the words, and after the general had delivered a few more paragraphs, he realized the situation and his own predicament dawned upon him. During the short time that Mr. Clapp had had possession of the manuscript he had committed the lines to memory, and he did not stop until he had gone through it all, being frequently interrupted by the applause of the audience. All this was heartrending to Mr. Baxter, who could only comb his hair with his hands and resolve that he would get even with the attorney-general if it took him 100 years.

He Obeyed the Order.

Not long ago an order was issued on one of the great western lines for all section men to come to the office on a certain day to have their eyes examined. The following day a number of men appeared and passed the examination. Just before the man who had charge of the tests left the office, a messenger boy came hurrying in with a small package neatly tied up and addressed to the eye inspector. The latter opened it and was surprised to find a glass eye wrapped up in tissue paper, and also an old-fashioned silver watch. The contents of the package proved a puzzle to the inspector until

he unfolded a hastily scribbled note, which, on being deciphered, was found to read as follows: "Oye inspector:

"Dear Sur: The day before yisterday, at nune, I got word to cum down and have me ise looked after for culur blindness, as ye call it. I had forty-five ties and ten rails to put down beyont the sand-cut, and as jerry Sullivan and Dominick Coolly were laid up since the wake that wuz holded over the ded corpus of Danny Doherty, my hands war too short to spare me. 'Twas lucky that the rite oye that was first in my head was put out with the blow of a pik, and me glass oye, that is a perfect figger of the eye that was not put out, is sent to you tugether with my watch for the hexamination. I cud spare the glass oye better than the oye in the head, and if she is culur blind I'll get one that ain't.

Yures Truly,

"MIKE DONOHUE."

Diamond cut Diamond.

A groceryman and a butcher, who have their establishments in a certain building on the east side, were talking yesterday about their respective weights. Somehow, the Helena (Mont.) *Independent* remarks, the conversation simmered down to a betting proposition.

"I'll bet you a cigar," said the butcher to the grocer, "that I'll weigh a couple of pounds more when I come back from dinner than I do now."

"I'll go you," responded the grocer.

The next few minutes were spent in weighing the butcher. He mounted the grocer's scales, his weight was taken, and the exact number of pounds written down in a memorandum.

Not long afterwards the butcher returned and, in the presence of the grocer, mounted the scales. The groceryman had a confident expression in his face and was just ready to laugh, when he found the butcher's weight to be exactly two pounds more than it was at first. A look of surprise came over his face, and muttering—"That's strange!" he moved over to the cigar counter.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the victorious butcher, as he lighted his cigar, "I'll bet you a cigar that I'll weigh two pounds less now than I did two minutes ago."

"Done," said the grocer, and he moved toward the scales. As he reached them he pretended to adjust the weights, and, in doing so, removed a plug he had placed on the bar. The unsuspecting butcher, while his companion was thus engaged, slyly removed from his hip pocket a two-pound weight and deposited it unnoticed on a near-by cracker-box. When the butcher mounted the platform it was found that he weighed precisely the same as at the trial before.

"Well, I'll be —!" he said, stepping down.

It was his turn to buy the cigars, and he did it. Then came mutual explanations that cleared up the mysterious affair. Each had tried to "beat" the other, and each had been made a victim of his own cleverness.

He Kicked Himself.

Paul Zeimetz is six dollars ahead, and in a novel way, too. Last week he was set upon by a big, black dog that tore his pants and inflicted a microscopical scratch on the calf of his leg. Paul went at once to Mr. Wm. Noll and stated his case. He said he had lost a day's work, and the pain, fright etc., were worth the six bucks. He got them. A few days ago Zeimetz came to Mr. Noll's house leading a big dog.

"Look here, Noll," he said, "you want to keep this dog chained up; he may bite someone again."

Mr. Noll heard the complaint, took one look at the dog, and then kicked himself as he tumbled to the fact that it was some other man's

dog and that he had been worked for six dollars. Will he get it back? Nit!—*Marshfield (Wis.) News.*

Mountains were Full of Governors.

"Helena has a larger stock of governors on hand than any capital city in the United States that I can think of," was the observation of Judge Gilbert to an *Independent* man during his visit to this city on receivership matters connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad. Judge Gilbert hadn't been in the city a great while before he met one governor in the courtroom.

"Judge Gilbert," said a friend, "permit me to introduce our friend, Governor Leslie."

"Governor of Montana?" inquired Judge Gilbert, with a questioning elevation of one eyebrow.

"Not now," said the friend, without going further into details. "And here," he added, turning to another of the interested spectators in the court-room, "is Governor Toole."

"He is the—governor?" said Judge Gilbert, but without omitting the question point.

"Used to be," answered the friend. "This is Governor Carpenter, Judge Gilbert."

"He—"

"Was," the other answered him, anticipating his query. "This is Governor Botkin."

Judge Gilbert did not speak, but he looked inquiringly around, and some one ventured to explain:

"Lieutenant-governor, you see."

"Ah!" was the brief reply to that.

When the court adjourned Judge Gilbert went to his hotel. On the way there the party stopped at the First National Bank, where Governor Hauser was introduced to him. In the afternoon they dropped into the court-house and visited the State offices. There was another experience of the same kind for Judge Gilbert there.

"This is Governor Tooker," said one of the members, as they passed through the office of the clerk and recorder.

And, even then, Judge Gilbert did not meet the governor of the State, for that official was out of the city on official business at the capital of the nation.

"I met some very pleasant men during my stay here," he said, as he departed the next afternoon, "and the impression I carry with me is that they were mostly governors."

She was up to Snuff.

A short time since Mr. Smith, who is a prominent Seattle man, was aiding a friend in moving his household effects to a more congenial part of the city, and Mrs. Smith was also in evidence. This friend's name was—well, call it Jones. About 11 o'clock in the morning Mr. Smith looked worried and winked at Mr. Jones in a very meaning manner. Mr. Jones understood and remembered that he had to go downtown for another drayman. Of course, Mr. Smith would accompany him. They made for the first saloon and had a drink. After waiting a respectable length of time they returned and completed the moving. At noon, Mr. Smith suggested that the reason why the drayman had not come was because he was busy, and thought that another had better be employed. Mr. Jones thought so, too, and said they had better go right down and get him.

"I don't see the necessity of going down now for him," remonstrated Mrs. Smith.

"Why, my dear, don't you see that—"

But Mr. Smith's argument was cut short by Mrs. Smith opening a small pocketbook and handing Mr. Smith a clove! Smith got red in the face and looked silly, but he took it and put it in his mouth. Jones did not want any, but he likewise accepted one, because Smith

had done so. Mrs. Jones thought it was a fine joke—and so did Mrs. Smith, but the men didn't discuss the incident any more than was necessary.—*Seattle (Wash.) Times.*

The Flip-Flap.

Many men, says the humorist of the Puyallup (Wash.) *Commerce*, have often wondered what that little dufficker with a buttonhole was for that you find on the lower end of a man's shirt-front. It is a sort of extra dulp that generally stays there, because a man has not time to cut it off. It may be there to button to a man's heavier trousers to keep him from soaring too high.

It was recently discovered that the thing had some strength. Col. H. G. Guild, of the Sheridan *Sun*, had just made up the last of his sixteen editorial pages and lifted the forms onto his Webb-perfecting cylinder press. He gave the word to his third assistant foreman, and the great piece of machinery started up. Colonel Guild was still in a stooping posture when he suddenly discovered that his flip-flap was wedged under the chase. He is a stout man, but it took all his strength to hold back and brace himself against the drag of the press. As it was, the flip-flap would not let go and the whole shirt-front was pulled out by the roots and ground into home-made sausage among the press's cogs; but the colonel was saved. No more dulpas on his shirts. The flip-flap seems to have entirely escaped mention in Jefferson's manual and Professor Riley's bugology reports to the Smithsonian Institute.

He Never Spoke Again.

Editor Yerkes, of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, recently made an extended tour throughout the East and the South, sending spicy letters to his paper while en route. Here is a bit of rollicking humor from his pen that is well worth reproducing:

"The ride over the Burlington from Billings to Missouri is all that can be desired. The employees were especially courteous and treated

me with the consideration due to one traveling on a first-class ticket and eating at the meal stations. I formed the acquaintance of a Pullman conductor, who was possessed of the finest cluster of large, juicy, luscious, red-ripe boils I have ever seen. They were on the nape of his neck, where everyone could see them without paying for the privilege. I asked him if he usually 'shook' his boils or if he 'sluffed' them off. This, I fear, made him somewhat irritable, and he said things which he will regret as soon as he learns who I am. But I think I also made him cross, by asking him if he was not afraid that some one would make a justifiable error and mistake the largest boil for his head and rest under the belief that they had struck the two-headed man. I said that the boil in question, from my point of view, possessed marked advantages, scenically,

over what appeared to be his head, and that, undoubtedly, it was not nearly so soft. I told him to be careful when the doctor lanced the boil, lest he made a slip and released the small amount of brains instead of the pus. He never spoke to me again, and though I was associating with Mr. Lynch, the Government bank inspector, he acted in a haughty and disdainful manner."

And the Hero Wept.

Carleton VanTuyt is the man who rushes things for the A. P. Co. When he mounted the delivery wagon on Tuesday he muttered to himself, as the wind dashed the rain into his eyes, "Now I'm in for it!" The load of merchandise was covered up snugly with a tarpaulin, and as he turned into Spruce Street a happy thought seemed to strike him.

"Here's a clear track, why not get under the tarpaulin myself?" he mused.

No sooner said than done; so under the cover he went. Now, this was all right, but, as ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Wm. Graham was sitting at the window and, seeing the team rushing madly along apparently without a driver, she aroused her husband, who was dozing by the fire, and shouted into his ear:

"Will! Will! My gracious! here's Seaborg's team running away. Quick! You can stop them."

Without a word, Will sprang through the door, and leaped over the fence and through the mud into the middle of the road. Boldly grasping the near horse by the head, he succeeded in bringing the team to a standstill, and it was then that Carleton bobbed up and wanted to know—"What in thunder is the matter with you, anyway?"

The look of disgust that swept across Will's face, as he retired to the house to get some of the mud off his clothes, was a sight to behold. If all the teams in town were to run away, Will vows he will never again attempt to stop one of them if the wagon-box is covered with a tarpaulin. Carleton is still chuckling over it, and Will looks daggers whenever he hears the exclamation, "Whoa!"—*Iracoe (Wash.) Journal.*



A GOOD EXCUSE.

Aunt Libbie—"Where's that piece ob bacon an' poun' ob butter I tol' yer to git down to the store?"

Uncle Rastus—"Fo' de Lawd sake! I dun elern forgot 'em. But I tell you it am mighty easy fer dem greasy things ter slip my memory."



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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ST. PAUL, APRIL, 1896.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC REORGANIZATION PLAN.

The large increase in the net earnings of the Northern Pacific system, due in great part to careful management, has hastened reorganization movements and has brought all classes of security holders together in formulating a plan which aims to be equitable to all interests involved. This plan, promulgated by the reorganization committee consisting of Edward D. Adams, John C. Bullitt, Louis Fitzgerald, Charles H. Godfrey, J. D. Probst, James Stillman and Ernst Thalmann, has been made public in New York and Berlin and is now in process of harmonious fulfillment. It proceeds upon the following basis: first, the abandonment of Chicago as the Eastern terminus and the limitation of the railway on the east by the Mississippi River and the Great Lakes; second, the ultimate union of main-line, branches and terminal properties, through direct ownership by a single company; third, the reduction of the fixed annual charges to less than the minimum earnings under probable conditions; fourth, ample provision for additional capital as required in a series of years for the development of the property and for greater facilities needed by increased business.

The details of the plan are set forth in a large pamphlet and are much too voluminous for us to reproduce in full. The main features may, however, be set forth in a condensed form, and will be of interest to a large number of our readers. A syndicate has been formed, with a cash capital of \$45,000,000, consisting of J. P. Morgan & Company of New York, Drexel & Company of Philadelphia, and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, to financier the reorganization. A new company will be formed to take over the property from the courts. This company will issue two classes of bonds—prior lien and general lien, and two classes of stock—preferred

and common. Holders of old securities and old stock will have the following privilege of conversion:

First mortgage bonds will be exchanged for new prior lien 100-year four per cent gold bonds at the rate of \$1,000 old bonds for \$1,350 of new bonds.

Second mortgage bonds will be exchanged for 118½ per cent of prior lien bonds and fifty per cent of new preferred stock, and will receive four per cent in cash.

Third mortgage bonds will be exchanged for 118½ per cent in general lien three per cent gold bonds and fifty per cent in preferred stock, and will receive three per cent in cash.

Consolidated mortgage bonds will be exchanged for 66½ per cent in general lien bonds and 62½ per cent in preferred stock, and will receive one and a half per cent in cash.

Collateral trust notes will be exchanged for 100 per cent in prior lien bonds, twenty per cent in preferred stock and three per cent in cash.

Dividend certificates will be exchanged for 118 per cent in general lien bonds, fifty per cent in preferred stock, and three per cent in cash. Receivers' certificates will be redeemed in cash. Northwest Equipment Company shares will be purchased at par flat as of June 1, 1896.

Branch road bonds will be retired, but the case of each branch will be considered separately and no terms are announced. These bonds will be taken up with general lien bonds and preferred stock.

Old preferred stock is assessed \$10 per \$100 share for privilege of conversion into \$50 of new preferred and \$50 of new common. Old common stock is assessed \$15 per share for privilege of conversion into an equal face value of new common. The preferred stockholders will no doubt avail themselves of this privilege, but the common, which was worth only four in the market before the plan of reorganization was announced and has since sold down to two, may not be worth converting.

The fixed annual charges of the old bankrupt company were \$10,905,690; those of the new company will be \$6,052,660. As the road is now earning more than this latter amount it is fair to conclude that, with reviving business conditions, there will soon be a dividend for the new preferred stock, which will be entitled to four per cent non-cumulative before the common stock can participate in the profits. Prior to any dividends upon the common the road will have to earn, net, \$8,952,660. That this condition will soon be reached, however, is not at all improbable, inasmuch as the net earnings of the most prosperous year in Northern Pacific history, 1891-92, were \$10,067,408, and the average annual net earnings for the past five years has been \$7,801,645. In spite of the present discouragement of the holders of common stock, its conversion under an assessment of \$15 on the \$100 may turn out to be a very good investment.

A striking feature of the reorganization plan remains to be mentioned. A voting trust is to be created consisting of five trustees, J. Pierpont Morgan, George Siemens,—head of the Deutsche Bank; August Belmont, Johnston Livingston and Charles Lanier, who are to hold all the new stock for five years, unless they shall sooner deliver it to its owners, and who will elect the new board of directors and practically have complete control of the financing and operating of the road. If either of these five men dies during the existence of the trust, the others will name his successor.

How long will it take to work out this plan, end the receivership and place the Northern Pacific in the hands of the five trustees? This is a question on which interested parties differ,

their estimates of the time required ranging from six to eighteen months. These estimates all proceed upon the assumption that the bonds and stocks will be deposited for conversion, in accordance with the plan, and that no new legal difficulties will arise. The plan has received the approval of the representatives of a majority of the three main line mortgages in process of foreclosure and of other important interests, and is recommended by the stockholders protective committee, of which Brayton Ives is chairman. There seems to be no doubt in Wall Street as to its being carried into effect as speedily as is practicable, and without resistance from any class of bond or stockholders.

LEGISLATION FOR THE PASTURAGE REGIONS.

The following is a synopsis of an address delivered before the Montana State Immigration Convention in Helena, on March 12th, by E. V. Smalley:

"In estimating the great sources of natural wealth possessed by the State of Montana, we must place the precious metals first in order. They are now, and will continue to be for centuries to come, the great storehouse from which wealth is drawn for the comfort and prosperity of the people of this great mountain commonwealth. For the present at least, and until the agricultural valleys of the State are brought under cultivation to a greater extent than can be done with the enterprises now existing for utilizing the waters of the streams, the second place in the list of natural resources must be given to the vast pasturage regions which lie upon the flanks of the Rocky Mountain ranges and extend across the great, rolling plains to the eastern boundary of the State. It seems to me that one of the most important subjects that come before the convention, is the discussion of the future of this vast grazing country. How can its wealth of natural herbage be best preserved and most fully utilized?"

"Permit me to say, in advance, that I do not speak on this subject from the point of view of the traveler who passes over your long lines of railroad and halts for a day or two in your towns or cities; I have visited every county in Montana, and made long journeys by wagon across the regions where railroads do not penetrate. Several years ago I gave careful study to the questions involved, under a commission from the United States Government to prepare a document upon the range cattle industry of the West. The conviction has been growing steadily in my mind, that there should be a radical change in our national land laws to adapt them to the special needs of the people who now inhabit and who are likely to immigrate to the semi-arid regions in the heart of our continent, where pastorage industries must always be the main reliance of those who seek to make a livelihood from the use of the soil. Our present homestead system, supplemented until recently by the preemption system, was adopted by Congress in the early days of the Republic, when no one looked forward to the time when the advancing tide of Western settlement would penetrate beyond the alluvial plains of the valley of the Mississippi. This system was admirably adapted to the disposition of lands on the prairies of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and other States where there is an ample rainfall for agriculture. It proceeded upon the theory that 160 acres of land is a sufficient area for the comfortable support of a farmer's family. Until recent changes in land laws, this area could be supplemented by a preemption claim of 160 acres in addition, and the timber-culture law allowed a third claim, on the condition that the culture of trees was carried on. Then

came the desert-land act, recently restricted, which allowed the acquisition of and title to an entire section on condition of bringing water upon it. Here Federal legislation stopped until an act was passed, about two years ago, for granting large areas to the States on condition of reclamation by irrigation canals. In all this legislation, nothing was had in view but arable lands that could be brought under profitable tillage either by the waters which descend from the heavens or by water which might be diverted from the running streams. The needs of the occupants of the high table-lands, plateaus and plains which lie above any possibility of irrigation, but which are highly valuable for their nutritious grasses, were not at all considered by our law-makers. Very little was known of the climatic conditions of these regions, and it is probable that, until very recent years, the majority of our Congressmen imagined that the great army of agricultural settlers would continue to move Westward as fast as the Government quarter-section survey advanced, until they reached the Rocky Mountains. We know now that this can never be. We know that nature has set apart, by insurmountable climatic conditions, the interior of the North American continent as it has the interior of the Asiatic continent, the South American continent and the great island continent of Australia, for the uses of the stockman. There is not enough rainfall for agriculture, and only here and there can a narrow strip be brought under irrigation. At least three-quarters of the total area of mountain will always be a country of flocks and herds.

"Now, the cattle-men and the sheep-men have just as strong claims upon the beneficent care of our Government as the farmer in the Red River Valley of North Dakota—who has received his free gift of 160 acres on the sole condition that he occupy and cultivate it. If it is a wise policy of the Government to make this gift, which legislation based upon the general principle that 160 acres of fertile prairie with sufficient rainfall are needed to support in comfortable independence the family of an American farmer, then it will be equally wise and just for the Government to ascertain how many acres of its semi-arid land, fitted solely for pasture, are necessary to support the family of the citizen who engages in the raising of cattle, horses, or sheep. The Government should not forever insist on applying its rigid checker-board system of sections and quarter-sections to the purely pastoral country. It should either give its vast grazing areas to the States in which they are situated, in order that the people in these States, through their State governments, may adopt wise systems for the ownership and use of these lands, or should itself set about to perfect a new system of land legislation adapted to their best development.

"In case the latter course is adopted, a thorough and honest classification of Government lands of the semi-arid type should be made. All areas available for future irrigation should be segregated, and likewise all areas chiefly valuable for timber or for mineral products. The remaining areas should then be surveyed by townships and sections, and a simple and inexpensive way should be provided by which every stockman could obtain ownership and title to a sufficient area of pasture land for the support of a family. I would have this title conveyed only after five years of actual settlement and occupancy. I would by no means favor any legislation which would put large districts of country into the control of syndicates or companies, or of non-resident private owners. This should be guarded against with great care. The ownership of the soil should be in the hands of the

men who occupy and utilize it. Our laws should discourage, rather than encourage, the accumulation of large amounts of property, whether in lands or in other forms, in the hands of a few people. The present system of throwing the public lands open to the free occupancy of stockmen who take possession of them, tends to the building up of large stock companies which monopolize entire districts of country by being able to occupy them with their herds and cowboys, and is an obstacle in the way of actual settlement of the country by small stockowners. You all know how difficult it is for a new man with a small herd to get a footing in any range of country already occupied, and you will all admit that the best condition for a grazing country is not its possession by companies or by private owners of large herds, who have no interest in its development except to graze as many animals as possible upon it. The ideal condition toward which we should all labor, is the actual occupancy of these regions by substantial settlers who will build comfortable homes, make roads, support schools, and help to build up towns and villages. That condition can be reached only by the ownership of the soil by the man who seeks to make a living from its wealth of natural grasses. The small stockman who makes his home upon a water-course, takes out a little ditch, creates a meadow, tills a few fields in oats, wheat and barley, and grazes his stock upon the neighboring range, is the kind of citizen which our laws should encourage and our public opinion should support. He adds property to your tax-rolls which the assessor has no difficulty in valuing, because it cannot be driven from county to county to evade taxes; his home improvements go to swell the total wealth of the State; he is your best reliance for wise, conservative and economical government. Why refuse him a good title to the land which he uses and must use for the grazing of his flocks and herds?

"I would be glad to see Montana lead the way in the agitation of this important question of what legislation will conduce to the permanent settlement of our vast grazing areas, and to the preservation and most effective utilization of their native grasses. A movement starting here will, I am confident, extend to the other States which have conditions similar to those of Montana, and will, in time, produce the needed legislation at Washington. The subject should be fairly discussed before any plans are formulated, and to it I earnestly invite the attention of the practical farmers and stockmen of this State, and of the intelligent and progressive men of business living in the towns and cities, who have earnestly at heart the welfare and permanent prosperity of Montana."

IMMIGRATION WORK IN MONTANA.

A very important convention of representative leading men from all parts of Montana was held in Helena on March 10th and 11th to consider ways and means for promoting immigration to that State, and for making more widely known to enterprising capitalists its great and varied mineral resources. What is wanted is an immigration movement of substantial farmers to raise products, needed in the home markets, that are now brought in from other States, and an immigration of capital to develop known and promising leads of gold, silver, and copper. There is labor enough in Montana for present needs, and wage-earners should not look upon this movement as an invitation for them to migrate to the Rockies; but farmers, with means to open valley farms in the valleys and upon the foot-hills, will find opportunities nowhere excelled; and investors, who will go out and look over the mining dis-

tricts, will not be long in discovering chances for opening mines on a strictly business basis. There is no Cripple Creek excitement in Montana. Mining has never been a wild, speculative venture in that State, but the annual record of metals produced exceeds that of Colorado, and there are many well-prospected veins that only await capital for their working to develop into excellent properties.

We expect to publish in our next number many of the carefully prepared, conservative and able addresses delivered before the Helena convention, selecting such as will, together, form a body of information covering all the chief resources of Montana and describing its climate and topographical features. In these addresses will be found every essential fact which an intending settler or investor will find most useful to guide his judgment. No such compact and thorough presentation of the resources and attractions of this great State has ever before been put into print in a single document. Portraits of the prominent men engaged in this new and commendable immigration movement will accompany the addresses. This May number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE will have a wide circulation outside of its regular subscription lists, and we are confident that it will accomplish good results for Montana. It is absurd that the third State in area in the Union, one possessing a superb climate and a wonderful variety of substantial resources;—one, too, that can show the largest amount of actual wealth per capita of population of any State except Rhode Island, should have only about two hundred thousand inhabitants. A new day is dawning for Montana,—when she will have farmers enough to supply her own markets, and when she will become famous the world over as the greatest treasure-house on earth of gold, silver and copper.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

[A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of stars and galaxies.—Emerson.]

The armies of discouragement that camp
On Ego's plain, with madness in their tents,
Shrink in the blazings of this inward lamp,
And, dreamlike, vanish thence.

Defender-pilot when the slyl Fate
Saith: "Grope thou, not unknowing, though unknown;
A planet of thy soul do I create,
Where thou must walk alone!"

Fret not at fortune. Life at most is brief,
And so its pang of blight, defeat and wreck;
And there's no spur like mingled rage and grief,
When both are held in check;

No architect of progress like the mind
Foredoomed to suffer, long estranged to mirth—
Learn to its cost that truth, e'en as earthkind,
In keenest pain finds birth!

It may be ours to impotently strive
For higher summits, scorned, misunderstood;
With failure and humiliation wive,
And motive misconstrued;

To feel the chill indifference and slight,
Surrounding, crush some bud of prophecy
In us that, flowered in kindly nurture, might
A world's redemption be;

To feel the tempest of man's selfishness rude
Drive us across despair's Niagara brink—
Fangs of the viper of ingratitude
Into our vitals sink;

Yet seize, O soul combative, patient, strong,
This buoy for every sea that buffeteth:
Aspiring purpose, like a spirit song,
Impervious to death!

O fortress, whence the storming hordes of sin
Fall baffled back! Of wrong, ignoble pride,
The foe implacable! O light within—
Friend, weapon, shield, and guide!

St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN TALMAN.



A NEW secret society has been organized in Carrington, N. D., the membership of which is limited to ladies. It is called the "Grand Lodge of the Hestians," the name being taken from the story of Hestia, or Vesta, in the Greek mythology. The central ideas are general culture, sociability, and practical charity. While engaged in lodge-work the members wear white robes of ancient Greek pattern trimmed with gold braid. Lodges will be established in other North Dakota towns.

AN experienced South Dakota farmer says that in putting in his wheat-crop he always runs the drills east and west. He formerly drilled just as it happened, and he then began to notice that he got much better results when the rows of wheat ran east and west than when they ran north and south. This set him to thinking and he concluded that the open space between the rows, when they ran north and south, served as funnels through which the hot winds which come from the south circulate through the entire field, injuring all the young grain. When drilled in east and west rows, the rows on the southern border serve as wind-breaks to keep the heated current of air from penetrating far into the field. There is a lot of good sense in this idea.

PROFESSOR SHAW, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, has a plan for storing moisture below the surface of the ground which will interest farmers in all the great plains region where there is not sufficient rainfall every year for good crops. He proposes to sow rye on a field and plough it under while green; then, on the same field the same season, to put in a crop of buckwheat and plough that under in the early fall. The next year he proposes to have the field cropped in wheat or other small grain. He believes that the effect of ploughing under the rye and buckwheat will be to make the land yield large wheat-crops for four or five successive years. The decaying vegetation below the surface will hold the moisture that soaks down to it, will feed it out gradually and will also prevent the rapid evaporation of the moisture in the ground beneath it. Professor Shaw is an eminent agricultural scientist. He is going to experiment with his theory this year, and the results will be looked forward to with much interest.

THE story recently current that the company which commenced mining for gold near Redwood Falls, Minn., had abandoned the work as unprofitable, turns out to be erroneous. The company suspended operations for a short time in order to secure leases on more ground from the farmers, whose heads were a good deal swelled by visions of sudden wealth and who demanded outrageous prices for little strips of rock and sand. Believing that the whole mining enterprise had fallen through, they came to their senses and invited the company to resume work and take leases on its own terms. Recent tests of the ore lead to the belief that it will run four dollars to the ton in gold and that the cost of mining and milling it will not exceed two dollars. One of the principal backers of the enterprise is S. M. Owen, the well-known

agricultural editor, of Minneapolis. He is confident that there is a great reef of gold-bearing quartz five miles long on which his mine is located, and that it contains enormous masses of free-milling rock that will pay well for working. He has no stock to sell and is undoubtedly sincere in his statements.

Do you notice the new type in this number? Our printers think it has a very handsome "face." Good printers are very critical in the matter of faces. Many years ago I was a guest at the home of Henry Houghton, the famous Boston publisher, who died recently. We were talking about types, and he brought from the library the superb edition de luxe of Longfellow's poems, just from the press, and said that before deciding on the type for the work, he made a trip to Europe and visited all the best foundries. He found the face he thought the handsomest of all in Venice, an ancient home of the typographic art. We have not gone so far afield to find a suitable type for this magazine. It was supplied at home by the Minnesota Type Foundry Co., the executive head of which, Charles P. Stine, is well-known to all the printers of the Northwest.

J. J. HILL's offer to the farmers at the immigration conventions held in the northern part of the State, that he would give free transportation to delegations from each county on his lines to the State Agricultural College and Experiment Farm at St. Paul, has already been accepted by Otter Tail County and fifty substantial farmers from that big county made the excursion on March 26. On the suggestion of the Fergus Falls *Journal* each township chose a delegate at its town meeting, and thus the party was thoroughly representative in its character. With a few invited guests it numbered seventy-five persons. The college extended its cordial hospitality to the party, and it is safe to say that every man learned something of value during his stay at the State farm.

It is odd that, with an officer of the engineer corps located in St. Paul, the War Department is not able to ascertain officially that the Minnesota is not a navigable river and has not been for twenty years, except for the little stretch of ten miles between Shakopee and Fort Snelling. The department still insists that every county bridge built across the river shall have a draw, and, as a draw costs a good deal of money, the people along the stream are growing restive over the stupidity and stubbornness of the officials at Washington. In the early days of settlement in this State, steamboats used to go up the Minnesota as far as Yellow Medicine, but with the tillage of the soil the rains and melting snows were absorbed in the ground, and now, except in spring freshets, there is not water enough in the river to float a skiff over the riffles. The mouth of the river at Fort Snelling is obstructed with logs and sand. If this obstruction were cleared out, boats would no doubt run up to Chaska and Shakopee to bring down to St. Paul brick and farm produce.

IF our readers who receive circulars and blank petitions in favor of the one-cent letter postage bill follow our example, they will throw them into the waste-paper basket. This one-cent movement is being systematically worked up by a Philadelphia committee and the expenses are paid by a number of business houses that make large use of the mails. It will be impossible to establish a one-cent letter rate without creating a very heavy deficiency in the postal revenues which must be met by appropriations from the treasury, which means by general taxation. The deficiency would be an obstacle for many years to further improve-

ments in the postal service, and would probably result in a reduction in the compensation of letter carriers, post-office clerks and route agents, who are all poorly paid at present. When the post-office department can show a surplus will be time enough for cutting down its revenue. In the meanwhile that time can be hastened by such amendment in the postal laws as shall relieve the department from the burden of transporting, at the newspaper and periodical rate of one cent a pound, tens of thousands of tons of cheap novels which now, by professing to belong to serials, one number of which is issued each month, manage to sneak into the same class as magazines. All such publications should be charged book rates.

A GROUP of prospects near Helena is controlled by a certain wealthy St. Paul capitalist. Nothing has been done with them for ten years. Not long ago a prominent mining man of Helena went to this capitalist and proposed to convert these prospects into working mines and take out the ore on a rental arrangement, paying the unusual royalty of forty-five per cent. The answer was, "If you want those mines you can have them for fifteen million dollars; but you can't rent them on any terms." That ended the negotiation. The Helena mining man has been wondering ever since why the capitalist does not work the mines himself instead of acting the part of the dog in the manger.

IN Helena, the other day, I met one of the two Sutherlin brothers, who have for many years published an able agricultural and general newspaper in a village forty miles from a railroad—White Sulphur Springs. He told me that the grade on the Montana Midland Railroad, which is to connect the Springs and also the mining-camp of Castle, with Helena, has made such progress that track-laying is expected to begin soon. The opening of rail communication into the heart of Meagher County, he said, will make of Castle a prosperous camp and will, besides, bring many farmers into the county to establish ranches along the numerous streams that head in the Belt Mountains. It ought, also, to make of the pretty village of White Sulphur Springs a much frequented health resort. The Sutherlins are sturdy old-time Montanians a little on the shady side of fifty. From their remote mountain nook they send out their paper, the *Husbandman*, to all parts of the State, and its views on stock-raising and farming are looked upon as authority.

A COMPANY has been formed in Tacoma to build a railroad from that city to the great Nisqually glacier, at the foot of Mount Tacoma, with a branch to the coal-fields at the head of the Mashel River. Tourists will be sure to wish success to this enterprise, for it proposes to afford the public the only opportunity in America to reach the foot of a glacier by rail. The road will go by way of the Longmire mineral springs and through an alpine valley famed for its marvelous floral growth, known as Paradise Valley. On the financial side the project looks sound, for in addition to the tourist travel the road will haul ice to Tacoma and Seattle from the glacier, saw-logs for the mills on Puget Sound, and coal for shipment to San Francisco. The main line will be sixty miles long and the branch thirteen miles. The last ten miles of the line will have a grade of 175 feet to the mile.

THE old dream of the promoters of the Northern Pacific Railroad, that a vast Oriental commerce would grow up on Puget Sound and would build stately cities on that fair inland sea, does not now look fantastic in the light of the steady growth of our trade in recent years

with the countries beyond the Pacific Ocean. The Japanese and Chinese are buying the flour of Washington and Oregon in such increasing quantities that the indications are that in a few years none of the wheat of the Pacific Coast will be sent around Cape Horn to find a market in Europe. The Chinese are also acquiring a taste for our apples, and are buying them by the ship-load, and from the gold-fields of distant Africa comes a steady demand for the fir and cedar lumber sawed in the mills on the Sound and the Columbia. There is no telling what other products of our Pacific Coast States may not yet find a market among the teeming millions of the Orient.

RECENT visitors to the sanctum of this magazine from the State of Washington, report a very hopeful feeling in business circles in Spokane and speak of evident signs of a revival of growth and a renewal of old conditions of activity. I have never, for the past dozen years, entertained the smallest doubt as to the destiny of that city. It will have a hundred thousand people before the young business men of the present day are old and gray. Its next start will take it up to the fifty thousand mark. It is the center of a vast country of great and varied natural resources—a country of grain, cattle, fruit, timber, gold, silver and lead. This country is rimmed by mountain ranges so that it pours its trade, as water runs down hill, into a single focus of transportation, manufacturing and mercantile business, and that focus is the handsome young city at the falls of the Spokane River. Watch that city grow as soon as the dead weight of hard times is lifted from its neck.

THE best possible disposition of the great irrigation enterprise on the Yakima, which the late Paul Schulze left in financial distress, would be to place it in the hands of the land department of the Northern Pacific, which can advertise it, manage it and attract settlers to it without loading it with more debt. The Sunnyside Country is the best general fruit region in the United States, and it is a pity that its development should be crippled by a receivership. A half-million of additional capital, with active and efficient direction, would put the whole enterprise on its feet and would in four or five years bring it forward to a position of solid success. The prices of lands should be reduced, and the management of the big canal and its laterals should be such as to command the approval of the settlers. Water is the life of all irrigated districts, and there should be capital enough and the right kind of practical engineering talent to make the water-courses that supply the orchards and fields of the Sunnyside settlers flow as steadily and reliably as the blood in a man's veins. This is the first requisite for prosperity, and the second is the right kind of immigration effort.

THE first car-load of corn ever grown and shipped by rail in Montana was hauled over the Northern Pacific not long ago from Wilsey Station, on the Rocky Fork branch of that road, to Billings. It was raised on the ranch of E. V. Moran, near Wilsey. For several years past farmers on the irrigated bottom lands above Billings have raised small fields of corn for feeding purposes, but no one has had a surplus to send to market. The Yellowstone Valley, near Billings, and the tributary valley of the Rocky Fork and Clark's Fork, do not have an altitude great enough to make the summer nights too cool for corn to mature. The yields have not been large thus far, but the quality has been excellent, and as a home feed-crop for hogs and cattle, its success has been fully demonstrated. There appears to be no trouble

about the ripening of the ears in time to escape early frosts. In one season the corn-fields under what is known as the "large ditch," did not receive sufficient moisture at the right time, owing to repairs on the ditch, and their growth was consequently retarded so that, under the belated irrigation, they did not mature the ears until after the frost came. As the Yellowstone bottoms are more and more brought under irrigation there is no question that corn will become a very important crop and will be used for making pork and for fattening cattle from the ranges.

THERE seems to be a fair prospect at Washington for such amendments to the Carey irrigation law as will enable the States that have accepted the gift of a million acres each of irrigable lands from the General Government to borrow money upon them for the construction of canals. The law, as it now stands, provides that title shall pass to the States only so fast as the lands are reclaimed and occupied by settlers, and that it must pass directly from the States to the settlers. It allows no opportunity for canal companies to come in and get a lien upon the lands in return for money spent in canal construction, nor does it allow the States to put a lien upon the lands as security for canal bonds. In this form, the law has proved to be inoperative and valueless. Four States have made strenuous efforts to carry it into effect, but have found insuperable obstacles to getting money for canal enterprises. At first it was proposed, by prominent Western Congressmen, that the Carey law should be so changed that each State in the arid region should receive outright the proposed donation of a million acres, getting title at once and being left to adopt its own methods for reclaiming and settling the land. This proposition met with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior and the General Land Commissioner, but for some reason or other the President interfered and indicated his marked disapproval of the plan. Just what course will be taken to gain his support, is not yet plain. The only important interest hostile to the Carey law is that of the big cattle companies. They do not want any more settlers in the arid States. They desire to keep the whole country as an open range for their herds, and naturally look with great disfavor upon all projects for irrigating the valley lands and filling them up with small farmers. President Cleveland knows nothing about the Far West. He has never been beyond St. Paul. In his lack of information about the arid States it is quite possible that representatives of large cattle interests have found means of prejudicing his mind against the main principles of the Carey act. If this act is to produce any beneficial effects whatever in the line of irrigation and settlement, it is absolutely essential that it shall be amended so as to permit the States to use the tracts which they propose to reclaim as a basis of credit.

PIERRE'S MEDICAL ARTESIAN WELL.

Pierre, S. D., has a wonderful medical artesian well that spouts warm water charged with silica, ferric oxide and alumina, various carbonates, chlorides and sulphates, and which has been proven most efficacious in rheumatism and skin diseases. The water is under a hotel, and is also accompanied by a volume of natural gas sufficient to heat and light the whole building. A correspondent of the *Minneapolis Journal* says that a great many cures have been effected by bathing in this water, and that it is generally believed, by the medical profession of the State, that its curative properties are peculiar and unexcelled.

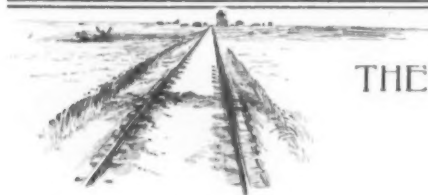
THE NEW IMMIGRATION EXODUS.

The arrival in St. Paul on the 26th ult. of one thousand or more hardy, thrifty Dunkards from the impoverished farm-lands of Indiana, marked an interesting era in the new Northwestern immigration movement. This large migration is the direct result of efforts that have been made by the Great Northern Railway to settle the districts along its line in North Dakota. Dunkards began going to this State several years ago, but their larger and more important settlements in North Dakota are outgrowths of recent date—culminating, it would seem, in the tremendous exodus of the present year. That other thousands of the same class of people are to follow in the wake of those that have gone before, is a fact now established beyond doubt. For some time past the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has been spreading the gospel of emigration among the Dunkards of Indiana, Iowa and other States, and a host of these frugal and industrious farmers will soon be tilling the soil and adding to the wealth of the counties along the line of that railway in North Dakota.

The Dunkards are clannish. Where one goes others are sure to follow. The present movement is a result of the overflow of population in the older Dunkard settlements, the younger members of which, true to their hereditary customs and principles, are flocking in large groups to the cheaper and more productive lands of the Great Northwest. These people are especially desirable from the fact that they are well supplied with money, farm implements, stock, household goods and, best of all, successful experience. They do not come to burden a State, but rather to enrich it. Back in Blackhawk County, near Waterloo, in Iowa, are three entire townships that are settled with Dunkards. These settlements are distinguished from all others by every evidence of thrift and neatness and by thorough, systematic cultivation of the soil. The houses and barns are well-built and attractive, livestock the very best, fences in good order, and such a thing as litigation over trespass, boundary disputes, etc., is unknown. A peaceable and eminently industrious people, prosperity seems to be universal among them.

North Dakota may well extend a cordial welcome to such people as these. Not only do they increase the population of the State materially, but their present and prospective possessions add and will continue to add millions of dollars to the State's taxable resources. Every new colony of Dunkards comprises cows, horses, calves, swine, sheep and poultry as well as men, women and children to care for them. These people come supplied with mowers, reapers, and all other farm implements necessary for the successful cultivation of prairie soil. They also bring with them provisions, hay, oats, wheat, corn and meat. In the movement referred to herein 119 cars were needed to transport the settlers and their wealth of belongings. They thus come prepared to woo success. They do not land in North Dakota poor, destitute, and unable to wait until a bountiful first harvest shall lift them into peace, plenty and comfort, but they come forehanded—quite able to await the maturing of crops and the reward that is sure to follow well-directed effort.

The simple fact that it cost these Dunkards over \$20,000 to transport themselves and their property to our neighboring State, shows that they are supplied with the sinews of war and that they may be looked upon as permanent settlers. It is a very auspicious beginning for the new immigration movement, one that augurs well for the present and promises a great deal for the future.



THE POSSIBILITIES OF NORTH DAKOTA.

By W. S. Eberman.

States, as well as men, sometime appear to better advantage by contrast. Nearly forty-five years have passed since I first saw, as they then appeared to me, the broad, bleak, formless, uninhabited and wild prairies of Iowa. But one line of railroad was in operation at that time in the State. This very poor apology for a road, which rendered service in keeping with its construction, operated between Davenport and Iowa City, the latter place then being the capital of the State.

The D. & I. C. road, as it was called, was the grand trunk line of the State; that is, it did all the railroad business in that portion of the country. It made rates and cut rates; pooled with itself and broke the pools; issued passes to statesmen and refused to issue passes. This, to be sure, all transpired anterior to populism. I know of but one other line of railroad in the United States that would be comparable to this line, and it is now in operation between St. Augustine and Toco, Florida. This road could, without doubt, have given the Iowa road cards and spades, and still be the recognized champion of minimum service for maximum rates. On the last trip taken by the writer on the Florida line, he contributed to the exchequer of the road at the rate of ten cents per mile.

The sensation produced in riding over this road may well be compared to a ride over the corduroy roads of Virginia in a Government wagon. During the early years of Iowa as a State, several important historic events took place. Among the most notable which might be mentioned was the cholera, which made its appearance in 1855. This, in conjunction with the prediction of the millennium by the Millerites, and the falling of a large meteor in the northwestern portion of the State, caused great fear and consternation. Finally in June, 1856, the Democratic and Republican National Conventions were held, the former placing in nomination James Buchanan, the latter Gen. John C. Fremont. General Fremont, then in his prime, fresh from the fields of conquest and from the wilds of the West, was to lead the newborn Republican party to victory. Like many military heroes, both before and since, he was doomed to lead a forlorn hope and to meet the irony of fate. He was really a party John the Baptist blazing the way for an Abraham Lincoln.

During these exciting and seemingly perilous times, Iowa, as a State, was in embryo. Time, however, is a wonderful leveler and healer. Many changes were wrought, fears removed and doubts obliterated. The chimerical notions of cranks and busy-bodies were soon forgotten; the world moved on, and the young State of Iowa began to take on new life. The virgin soil responded generously to the kindly touch of the husbandman. In a remarkably short period the richness and fertility of her prairie was heralded East and South, and immigration came pouring in. The productiveness of the soil, the adaptability of the climate to the raising of corn, oats, potatoes and fruits, soon became known throughout the entire land. Her cornfields yielded so prodigiously that—the markets then being circumscribed—it caused the price of this cereal to sink to the zero point.

In such an emergency what were these helpless, dependent farmers to do? Were they to make war on the Government because of this state of affairs? No; their ideas were not so

quixotic as that, although a remedy was sought and found. It was not without many severe trials, however—inexperience changed for experience, which commodity invariably comes high. Nevertheless, these sturdy pioneers sought until they found a solution of the problem.

Later on, it was discovered that instead of using their corn as a substitute for fuel, they had an inexhaustible supply of coal just beneath them. Their corn could now be turned to better account, as Iowa was found to be one of the best pork-producing States in the West. This new industry opened up the way for the conversion of millions of bushels of corn into ready cash. These changed conditions now gave the farmer a double profit where, before, there was a steady loss. A little later the dairy industry began to attract attention; and, with poultry and fruits as valuable adjuncts, Iowa farmers soon passed from the dependent to the independent state.

In the meantime, two cities by the lakeside were making prodigious strides. These two cities called for beef and pork. To the south another large city was quietly growing, but her demands were large. At the same time, the "Twin Cities" were making rapid progress toward the half-million mark. These latter cities required vast quantities of pork, poultry and eggs, which the Iowa farmer was now producing in great abundance. Thus the farmer and the dairyman reaped millions from the masses in the cities.

Today Iowa has no great cities—not one she can call a metropolis, but she may boast of some ideal little cities, of a State free from debt, of counties that are immensely rich, and of men by the hundreds who represent all the vocations and who are possessed of all the ease and comfort which result from affluence.

Out of this experience a lesson may be drawn for North Dakota. Let cities on the outside grow; put no obstacle in their way. It may not be your fortune to have a Chicago, a St. Louis, a Detroit, or even the Twin Cities; but you may have your Burlingtons, your Davenports, your Des Moines, your Cedar Rapids, and your Waterloos. Land which a generation ago sold for \$10 per acre, cannot now be bought for less than \$75 or \$100 per acre; and this, in brief, is the history of our neighboring State lying to the south.

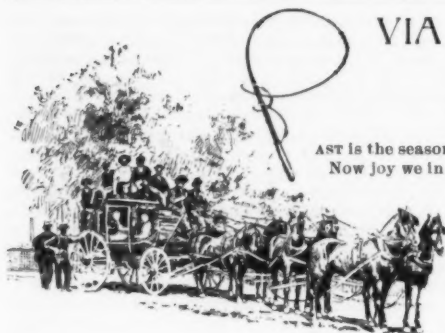
Now, what are we to expect from North Dakota a score of years hence? It possesses a soil the counterpart of which is nowhere else to be found; a climate peculiarly adapted to the growth of wheat, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, and, in fact, vegetables of all kinds, and its grasses and forage for stock can be produced in great abundance. In truth, the wealth and productiveness of her fertile valleys and magnificent plains will at all times vie with the valley of the Nile, the steppes of Russia, or the genial districts of Australia. She has been blessed with nature's best gifts. She has soil which will last for centuries, and her pure water is drawn from underground reservoirs and inexhaustible lakes. The climate is superior to all others for the growth of cereals, the raising of stock, and for the development of a hardy, energetic, intelligent and thrifty race of people. Endowed with these rare qualities, this imperial State will take rank with her sister States, Minnesota and Iowa, before the

close of the first decade of the 20th century.

In considering North Dakota's possibilities and resources, the fact that there are many obstacles and much opposition must not be overlooked. To a large extent, her wealth lies hidden in her soil. The produce which may not readily be absorbed by the markets must be converted into beef, pork, mutton, poultry, etc. Let the wheat be made into flour, the wool into cloth, the flax into tow and linen, and let all of this be done within her borders. There are those who are kind, generous and well meaning, but whose advice is misdirected. They mean well enough, but for some reason their ideas are wrong and their suggestions impracticable. They may advise the farmer to devote his entire energies to the growth of stock, sheep or hogs; to the raising of some special cereal, such as wheat, flax and barley; or to cultivate potatoes and small vegetables. So far as potatoes are concerned, the farmers of Minnesota and North Dakota have recently received a lesson which they will not soon forget. The raising of millions of bushels of potatoes last season was a gross error. Unfortunately, in 1894 everything seemed to be against the growth of the tuber, in consequence of which prices ruled high. And so, last year, there seemed to be a wild rush, as if by common consent, toward the cultivation of the potato. All the conditions—soil, weather, Providence and everything—were favorable for an enormous yield. So immense a crop of potatoes never before was known to have been produced. What has been the result? A slow market and exceedingly low prices. So low has the price gone that many farmers did not consider it worth while to harvest their potatoes.

Are there any valuable lessons to be learned from the past season's experience? It would seem not. Newspapers and men are advocating the planting of a large acreage of potatoes the present year. If, perchance, the crop should be large and the prices low, they advise the people to extend inducements to capital by offering bonuses to build starch factories, thus converting the surplus into starch. After the starch has been made, then what are you to do? There is a limit to the demand for starch. It comes much sooner, too, than the demand for potatoes. Only a certain amount can be used. After all demands for starch are met, what next? Commercially, glucosids from potatoes would not be profitable and the demand for amyl alcohol, the product of potatoes, is used in limited quantities both in the arts and sciences. Thus we find that the consumption of potatoes, the most popular and the cheapest vegetable we have, is circumscribed, first, because of the cost of production; second, the cost of harvesting; third, the cost of transportation, and fourth, because there are other vegetables that can be fed to stock with greater profit.

That North Dakota is destined to be one of the grandest States in the Union, and that in the near future, no one doubts. One of the most promising signs is the disintegration of the bonanza farms and the rapid multiplication of the thrifty, small farmers. An excellent class of citizens have come into the State. They have purchased good homes and they are industrious, intelligent and frugal. Splendid cities, beautiful villages and enterprising communities, all bespeak a grand future for this commonwealth. Her schools, her universities, her colleges and institutions of learning, are the recognized bulwarks of the State. The young man seeking a home and subsequent independence, cannot do better than to cast his fortunes in this Northwest latitude—where industry, intelligence, and perseverance, are qualities which are readily recognized and most generously rewarded.



AST is the season of our discontent;
Now joy we in the summer-time of life."

VIA THE ST. LAWRENCE TO SEASIDE AND MOUNTAIN.

The tourist season of 1896 bids fair to out-rival all its predecessors. No sooner does one summer vanish than successful excursion managers bend their inventive faculties to devising ways and means of surpassing all former efforts. Humanity likes to be entertained. Once a year there is an hegira of pleasure and rest-seeking mortals to the world's famous resorts—some of them finding recreation in European travel, while others, more sensible it would seem, seek health and diversion amid such inspiring environments as are found in the White Mountains and at the numerous seaside haunts. With all these people comfort and convenience in traveling to and from their homes is a great desideratum. It may be set down as a truism that, when seeking pleasure, the average human being fights shy of everything that approaches discomfort. He will pay for anything but that. That is one thing he wishes to leave behind him—one thing he is fleeing from—one thing he cannot be expected to be in sympathy with in the least.

Now that winter has departed and warm spring announces the near approach of sweltering summer, one hears much talk in social circles relative to the ever recurring hot-weather exodus. Destination is largely a matter of choice, of course—choice influenced, doubtless, by the attractiveness of the general menu provided en route and at the terminus. It is knowledge of this weakness which has enabled the projectors of the "Seaside and White Mountain Specials" to cater to public tastes so successfully. Thoroughly informed respecting the requirements of tourists to the famous resorts of the Atlantic Coast and the world-famed Mountains of New Hampshire, the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway has conducted its yearly excursions to those points in a manner that has advertised its special trains broadcast. These specials will, it is now announced, be continued throughout the season of 1896. A train, known as the "Special Limited Pullman Vestibuled Train," will leave Chicago every week, beginning June 26, and run through solid to Portland, the beautiful Casco Bay, and the coast of Maine. It will be composed entirely of Pullman vestibuled composite, dining, drawing-room, sleeping, library and observation cars. There will be a vestibuled composite car which contains a baggage compartment, electric light apparatus, barber shop and gentleman's bath-room; a vestibuled dining-car; a sleeping and drawing-room car remarkable for its luxuriousness, comfort, convenience and beauty and having a ladies' bath-room; a compartment drawing-room car containing four large drawing-rooms with separate toilet annex for each suite of rooms, and six full sections, and a combination sleeping, library, smoking and observation car, the observation room being at the end of the rear coach. The cars in this train—which is said to be the finest in the world—are finished in mahogany, brocade Italian hair having been used almost exclusively in the upholstery. The combination furnished by the rich tints of the mahogany finishing, the blue and gold of

the decorations and the silvery luster of the white brocade Italian cloth upholstery, together with the carpets, draperies, furnishings, lounges and easy chairs, presents an ideal picture of comfort and luxury. Electric lighted throughout, the coaches are brilliantly illuminated—and this, coupled with the prompt and willing service of courteous porters and trainmen generally, renders traveling by night almost as pleasurable as a jaunt by day.

A special feature of this magnificent train has only been alluded to above. It is the home surroundings which one will find in the compartment drawing-room car. The four drawing-rooms each have two double berths and a sofa. Each room has a toilet annex for the exclusive use of the occupants, and the drawing-rooms are so constructed that they can be used either singly or *en suite*. Another special feature is the observation car. The windows on the sides and at the rear of the car reach nearly to the floor and afford an uninterrupted view of some of the most superb scenery in the world. There are bow windows on the sides of this car, also, and the decorations represent the highest examples in the art of wood-carving. Still another interesting particular will be found in the lady attendant or superintendent of this hotel on wheels—a lady who pays undivided attention to the wants of feminine tourists, especially to those who may be journeying alone, or who may have children to care for. Ponder this, ye mothers who have little ones to guard and to entertain!—and rejoice in it, ye women who dread isolation, and ye creatures that know not the ways of the world and the knack of traveling without excessive worry and great discomfort!

Upon leaving Chicago this elegant train will proceed East by way of Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, and Montreal. What a world of lovely, majestic and entrancing scenery do these few words suggest! Time enough will be given at Niagara for all tourists to visit the great falls, the Sister Islands and the upper rapids, the whirlpool in the lower rapids, suspension bridge, and all the points of interest at this boundary line between Canada and the United States. If it be a first visit, the enthusiastic tourist will count his money well spent just for a view of this one famous resort; while those who may see Niagara for the second, or even a third time, will find that the great falls grow vaster and vaster with each recurring visit and that interest never fails them. And then the ride through the Thousand Islands and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River! Connections will be made with the steamers for this trip, the end of which will be Montreal. It is thus seen that the Chicago and Grand Trunk management proposes to vary the monotony of the tour at every vantage point. The change from the luxurious Pullmans to the floating river palaces will be a welcome experience, the river ride itself promising to be a brilliant episode in the lives of all who are so fortunate as to make it. Not long ago a noted descriptive writer

essayed a pen sketch of the beauty spots in and along this romantic river. The attempt was a failure, as all such efforts must be. To describe a ball—a costume—or even the mimic landscape of a painting, is not always a thing to be done easily, but it is child's play in comparison with the task of setting forth in black and white the marvelous transformation scenes which one witnesses from the deck of a steamer in the multitudinous windings of the St. Lawrence River.

This river voyage will be optional with tourists; that is, they may proceed to Montreal aboard the steamer, or remain with the train and go by rail. If the river voyage be preferred, all baggage and parcels may be left in charge of the Pullman employees. Indeed, this thoughtful supervision of the comfort, peace of mind and pleasure of the tourists will characterize the train management throughout the entire trip.

Leaving Montreal, the tourists will again roll on their way to the ocean. Soon Gorham, New Hampshire, will come in sight—the main gateway to the White Mountains, and here there will be stage connections with the Glen House and thence to the summit of Mount Washington. On a little farther and a stage may be taken for Poland Springs, and a train will convey one to Bar Harbor, on Mt. Desert Island, and to the lakes and seaside resorts of the northern coast of Maine. From any of these points Portland is reached quickly, and at this city steamer connections will be made for Cushing's Island, Peak's Island, Diamond, Chebeague and Long Islands, Falmouth Foreside, Harpswell, and other lovely summer resorts in Casco Bay. There will also be connections at Portland with Old Orchard, Kennebunkport, Portsmouth in York Harbor, the Isles of Shoals, and the many seaside resorts on the coast of Massachusetts and the southern coast of Maine.

The itinerary would thus seem to be complete. It includes numerous localities which possess great historic interest, scenic attractions of the loveliest character, one's choice of the most fashionable resorts on the Atlantic Coast, and a chance to stretch one's limbs amid the crags and peaks or on the gentler slopes of the famed White Mountain Range. Patrons of this "Seaside and White Mountain Special," as the train will be called, will experience all the advantages of a personally conducted tour, all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class modern hotel, and revel in a variety of scenery that is scarcely equaled, certainly not surpassed, on the American continent.

As a matter of course, the capacity of this train will be limited and early application should be made for accommodations. Complete information on all these particulars will be furnished promptly upon request by Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent E. H. Hughes, 103 South Clark Street, Chicago, or by Mr. W. R. Jaffray, T. P. A. of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, 122 Endicott Arcade, St. Paul.





Minnesota Lake has contracted for a new \$9,000 schoolhouse.

St. Cloud capitalists have founded a first-class bank at Albany, a town that has hitherto been without a bank.

The starch factory at Cambridge has resumed operations. This is the first time it has worked in the spring, and no Minnesota factory ever began so early.

This spring will witness the construction of a new flouring-mill in St. Cloud. Its daily capacity will be 150 barrels of flour and fifty barrels more of corn and rye.

Sauk Centre has a candy factory, the thriving proprietor of which also conducts a regular wholesale business and sells to the trade in competition with all comers.

Creameries are being projected all over the State. Morris will soon have one, and a co-operative company with a capital of \$8,000 will build and operate a creamery at Hills.

Sauk Rapids' new schoolhouse, plans for which have been accepted, will cost not less than \$11,000. The movement for increased school facilities seems to be universal throughout the Northwest.

It is reasonably certain that a new railway line will be constructed this season covering the length of the Mesaba Range as far west as Grand Rapids and landing on Lake Superior at Superior or Duluth.

According to reports a rich vein of copper has been discovered at Lakewood. The formation is largely a copper conglomerate. The vein is almost horizontal and, from the indications, extends a good ways out under the water. The copper is very evident and analyses are being made.

A couple of well diggers struck a vein of coal in Greenland, Elysian township, Le Sueur County, recently. They were down ninety feet when they struck it. Since then additional digging has been done, and it is found that the vein runs down thirty feet and continues to be a good article so far as the men have gone. It is proposed to begin operations at once.

Many towns in the State are about to increase their hotel facilities. Pine Island will erect a \$10,000 hotel. Melrose will put up a three-story brick house that will be heated by steam and have electric lights and sixty-five rooms. Blue Earth City will soon have a new hotel, and other towns are planning and receiving bids for new houses. These are good signs.

It is reported that John E. Tapley, Inspector of Northern Pacific lands, has found deep-red garnets, opals, and asbestos near Grand Rapids in Itasca County. The Grand Rapids *Magnet* says that he recently returned from the valley of the Little Fork and brought back with him handsome specimens of the gems. He also exhibited a specimen of asbestos which he took from a vein located a few miles from the garnet rock. He believes that he has also found leads to the opals that are known to exist in the northern part of Itasca County. One of these Northern Minnesota opals sold, last year, for \$25.

North Dakota.

Elora is a new post-office at St. Andrews Siding, between Drayton and Grafton.

Grafton has organized a Public Library Association, and has about \$700 to invest in the venture as a starter. Grafton is a live town—no place at all for fossils.

Ambitious Grand Forks is striving earnestly for paved streets. As Grand Forks usually gets what it goes after, paved streets are a reasonably certain acquisition. They are also great creators of property values.

A stock company is organizing at Cando to start a creamery and cheese factory. It is expected that a

brick-yard will also be in operation soon, so that Cando's building can be constructed of home-made material.

Important customs changes were made recently in the Pembina district. A port of entry has been established at Woodbridge, north of Langdon, and one at Antlers, half-way between Turtle Mountain and Portal.

Interest in the State Agricultural College at Fargo was never so great as now. Deep interest is manifested by students and instructors alike. The college is assuming a high rank in the country for the quality of its work, and is regarded as one of the most valuable institutions in the State.

The Wahpeton *Globe* is authority for the statement that the product of the New Star Roller Flouring-Mills in that town has always found a ready market in England and in some of the larger Eastern cities in the United States. The mill was established in 1889, has ten double rollers, new improved dust collectors, purifiers, and other modern milling machinery that makes it a complete manufacturing establishment of 125 barrels daily capacity. New machinery has been purchased for a feed-mill, and a carrier system will be erected which will convey the ground feed to a place outside the building for sacking.

In a paper read before the recent North Dakota Dairymen's Convention at Lisbon by the State Commissioner of Agriculture, it was shown that there was on the first of January, 1895, two co-operative creameries in the State, producing 22,000 pounds of butter per annum, and seven cheese factories producing 74,002 pounds of cheese. There were several private factories from which no returns were made. January 1, 1896, there were 19 creameries producing 366,943 pounds of butter, and twenty-six cheese factories producing 42,946 pounds of cheese per annum. The private factories would, of course, swell these totals materially. Many of these factories were built late in the season and will show better results next year.

South Dakota.

Aberdeen has a new factory for the making of ladies' dresses, wrappers and shirt-waists for the wholesale trade. It is an enterprising town, quite worthy of the prosperity which seems to attend it.

Whitewood, a little town in the Black Hills and about twelve miles from Deadwood, is to have a stucco plant the capacity of which will be 40,000 pounds daily. The gypsum will come from a hill just south of the town. It is found in inexhaustible quantities in many portions of the Hills, and it is strange that capital has been so slow to take advantage of the deposits. Whitewood is also to have a new three-story stone hotel, something it has long needed. It will be built of the excellent white sandstone which abounds in the immediate vicinity.

The contractors on the Government artesian well at Cheyenne Agency struck a flow of gas recently at a depth of about 400 feet. This is an indication that the area of the State in which natural gas can be secured covers an extensive field, being at least fifty miles long by twenty-five in width. This has already been proven, and further work might show that the gas area is much larger. The theory of many is that the main gas reservoir has never yet been reached, the borings not going deep enough, and that a well pushed down about 2,000 feet would strike a flow which would be of great commercial value.

Montana.

A \$30,000 theater will soon be one of the public attractions in Anaconda.

Hamilton's new hotel is well under way and will soon be completed. It will be a credit to the town.

The pay-roll of the Rocky Fork Coal Company at Red Lodge amounts to \$25,000 per month. That means prosperity for all concerned.

According to the Bozeman *Chronicle* that town has the "biggest brewery and the biggest malt house, flouring-mills, packing-house, creamery and hotel, in the State." The city is also distinguished for its beautiful homes, fine institutions of learning, and its enterprising press.

A destitute prospector named Snyder is reported to have made a rich gold strike on Flint Creek in the Red Lion District of Deer Lodge County. The statements made are so highly colored that they need confirmation, though they seem to be duly credited by Montana papers of good reputation. If reports prove true, Sam Snyder has been lifted very suddenly from penury to affluence.

The "Montana Brush and Broom Company" is the name of a new concern in Helena which will at once engage in the manufacture of brooms and brushes of all sorts and sizes. And thus is illustrated the onward march of competition.

The "Yellowstone Valley Flouring Mill" at Billings is now completed. It has a daily capacity of seventy-five barrels, and also machinery for grinding feed, shelling corn and cleaning grass seed. The plant is said to be complete and first-class in all particulars.

The Sam Snyder strike at Flint Creek, Granite County, of which mention has been made in these columns, is not a myth. He has pounded out \$1,800 in a hand mortar, and has a ten-foot hole in which there is at least \$10,000 more in sight. Snyder will put in a five-stamp mill in the spring, paying for it himself with the hand mortar.

The Bozeman Mine at Pony, Madison County, has been bonded to J. M. Merrel of Oakland, Cal., John F. Cowan and P. A. Gomer of Butte, and James S. Rooney of Pony. The price was \$30,000, and a cash payment of \$5,000 has already been made. Good authorities say that, so far as developed, the Bozeman is the next best property at Pony—the Clipper group, at a value of \$500,000, leading it.

A deal for a bond on the Imperial group of copper properties at Nelhart to Messrs. Pierce, Lowry, and other Butte men, has been closed and work has started in development. A tunnel will be pushed 200 feet and a shaft sunk 100 more. The vein is from seventy to eighty feet wide and the copper showing is fine. If the property is taken by the present holders it will be of the utmost importance to Nelhart.

A syndicate from Butte has taken up 200,000 miners' inches of water from the Madison River, three miles east of Red Bluff, which they propose to utilize in generating electric power for various uses in the different cities of Montana, and especially Butte. The papers have been filed and it is said that fully \$25,000 will be expended this summer in building dams and for other necessary improvements.

Supt. Babcock, of the Golden Scepter, near Phillipsburg, has ordered a complete 100-stamp mill, six miles of rails for the cable road which is to convey the ore from mine to mill, a 900 horse-power electric engine, a 10-drill compressor, and other machinery. The entire outfit will be operated by electricity, for which the 900 horse-power generator will furnish power. About 300 men will be taken on at once and the new mill will be constructed without delay.

It is stated at Pony, says the Bozeman *Chronicle*, that the deal for the Clipper mine has been formally closed and that the English syndicate will soon pay over the \$500,000 purchase money and take possession. Since last June the company has taken out ore to the value of between \$100,000 and \$125,000. The richest vein is five feet, and the average vein runs from eight to twenty feet, carrying ore that is free-milling to the extent of about \$7.00 that is left on the plates. They concentrated and treated, all told, about forty tons a day, and this returned from \$80 to \$140 a car, net.

Idaho.

Sixty stamps a day, milling about 160 tons of ore, are being operated by the Idaho Yellow Jacket Company.

The Poorman-Tiger folks, near Burke, have the changes in the machinery almost completed and will soon be handling more ore than ever. The Standard is still pushing its big tunnel, which is now in almost 1,300 feet.

Machinery has been bought for the chlorination mill of the New Columbia Company. It will probably be ready for work in July. The Yellow Jacket District is reported full of promise and great progress is expected there for the season of '96.

A fruit-canning factory is to be established in Lewiston. As the projector is an experienced canner and Lewiston the center of a great fruit-growing section, there is no good reason why such an enterprise should not prove profitable. It will be the means of preserving much small fruit that now goes to waste.

Oregon.

The Eureka and Excelsior mines in the Cracker Creek District in Baker County, produced \$120,000 in 1895.

Oregon is the leading oat-producing State of the Pacific Coast, its crop last year being estimated by the department of agriculture at 7,240,982 bushels. The State also produced 768,682 bushels of barley.

The Jewett mine, within three miles of Grant's Pass, is again showing up well. Large lodes of ore have

been exposed. It is reported that a twenty-stamp mill and improved concentrators will be placed on the property within a few months.

The Pendleton Wool Scouring Company declared and paid a ten per cent dividend last month. This is substantial evidence of prosperity.

Portland has succeeded in raising the full sum of \$30,000 which it agreed to furnish in maintenance of the State Immigration movement. This is more money than all other Northwestern States combined have raised for the same purpose. It is evident that Oregon proposes to have her share of immigrants.

Ashland's woolen mills are shipping blankets to San Francisco as fast as they can be turned out. An order for 1,000 pairs of vicuna blankets for a big San Francisco firm, is now well along. A portion of the goods having been delivered, they proved so satisfactory that the firm desired to increase the order to 3,000 pairs at the same price. This growing reputation will soon compel an enlargement of the facilities.

Washington.

There is talk of a meat cannery being established at Colfax.

The Port Townsend Steel Wire & Nail Works has resumed business.

Some Polk County parties have shipped 40,000 pounds of hops to London.

Ten additional coke ovens are about to be put in at Cokedale to meet the demand.

Garfield citizens have decided to build their creamery with local capital, and stock subscriptions are being solicited.

A car-load of Tacoma-made doors were shipped to England last month. This is sending home-made doors a long way.

One ton of Whatcom County flax has been shipped to a flax-mill in Lisbon, Ireland, where it will be subjected to a thorough manufacturing test.

The Polish colony in Clallam County already numbers about sixty-nine members. Three of the men have just sent East for their wives and children.

One hundred and twenty-five farmers are in attendance at the farmers' school of the Pullman agricultural college. This is how Washington goes to work to make successful farmers.

Seattle's new cereal mill is completed and in operation. The products will comprise rolled oats, graham flour, corn-meal, feed, etc., and the capacity exceed 300 barrels every twenty-four hours.

A Tacoma firm received an order from Central America for 1,000 barrels of cement, and it was filled in March. The same firm also shipped 1,000 barrels of Washington lime by the same steamer.

About 100 men are now employed in the Doernbecker furniture factory at Chehalis, and it is expected that its 1896 business will be a record breaker. Such a factory would be a credit to any place on earth.

Spokane's new water-works plant cost about \$400,000 and is capable of developing nearly 5,000 horse-power. Four Holly pumps, having a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, will force the water into the city mains.

The new brick-yard at Riverside is in good manufacturing order. Portland will take 3,000,000 vitrified brick for street-paving, if the company can make them. The plant has already cost \$60,000, and \$40,000 more is needed to complete it.

The cannery buildings at Anacortes and Fidalgo are nearly completed, and the machinery and other apparatus will soon be in position. The Cook cannery, with a capacity of 1,200 cases daily, makes three of a kind for Anacortes.

A mountain of white and variegated marble has been discovered in the Colville Indian Reservation by a civil engineer. The marble is said to be of fine quality. It is at the head of Kettle River, twenty miles east of the old customs house on Lake Osoyoos.

Ocean log-rafting from Washington and Oregon to San Francisco is becoming a regular feature of the lumber trade. Three big rafts of logs, each 527 feet long, fifty-two feet wide and thirty feet deep, drawing twenty feet of water, were made at Stella, Oregon, last month, to be towed to San Francisco coastwise.

Canadian Northwest.

Hotel Allan in Rossland will soon be able to accommodate 100 guests.

The Rossland Miner says that the Jumbo mine has twenty-five feet of ore in the crosscut tunnel and no hanging-wall in sight. The ore does not run as high as the ores of some other mines, but averages well and the mine will be a great producer. The same authority, speaking of the Le Roi, says it is still employing a

full force of men and steadily maintaining its average output at 100 tons a day. The hoisting machinery is being worked to its full capacity and there are no indications yet of slackening up on account of the condition of the roads. The Lilly May has been sold to Oregon men for \$40,000. It is the oldest location in the Trail Creek mining division and runs sixty to seventy-five ounces in silver and \$2 to \$6 in gold.

The gold output of Cariboo for 1895 was \$282,400; Cassiar, \$22,575; East Kootenay, \$17,575; West Kootenay, \$36,000; Lillooet, \$40,662; Yale, \$237,311; total, \$436,543. No gold returns are given from Trail Creek or West Kootenay. In the gold districts from which statistics were compiled 1,030 white men and 979 Japanese and Chinese were employed. White wages range from \$2 to \$5 per day, with an average of \$3.50; Chinese and Japanese wages average about \$2 per day. The gold, silver, lead and other ores from Southern Kootenay, were estimated at \$2,185,000—within a few dollars of the actual amount,—which, added to the other gold returns, places the total output of the year at \$2,811,000, the greatest total since the year 1865, when the mineral output was \$3,491,205. Since the beginning, in 1858, \$55,000,000, in gold has been taken from the fields of this Province.

The Chicago Great Western Line.

Modern railway travel illustrates one of the greatest triumphs of the closing century; and American railways lead the world. There are degrees of excellence, however, and it was long since conceded that the first and most superlative degree of excellence belongs to what is so popularly known as "The Maple Leaf Route"—the Chicago Great Western Railway. Briefly, the equipments of this road are superb. The regular coaches are up to date in every respect—large, well ventilated, finely upholstered, and of modern designs; while the new compartment sleepers, now used on this line, are models of beauty and comfort and cost the traveler no more than the stuffy, old-style cars. They are roomy, elegantly furnished, and turn traveling into a pleasure jaunt. Take these things in conjunction with a perfect road-bed, courteous employees, and a time service that knows no rival, and it is no wonder that the "Maple Leaf" is the preferred route between St. Paul and Chicago, St. Joseph, Kansas City, etc. It pays to buy tickets over this line. You not only save hours of time, but you also journey in perfect comfort and pass through a country abounding in bewitching scenery and prosperous communities. Of course, if you have been over this road once you will always use it when going to the cities named, but if you have not been over the line, just see—the next time you go to Kansas City or Chicago—that your tickets read via the Chicago Great Western.

FINANCIAL.

BANK OF MINNESOTA, St. Paul.

Capital, - \$600,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits,
\$200,000.

WM. DAWSON, - - - President
R. A. SMITH, - - - Vice President.
WM. DAWSON, JR., - - - Cashier
R. L. MILLER, - - - Ass't Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, HELENA, MONTANA.

Capital and Undivided Profits, - - \$1,000,000.
Designated Depository of the United States.
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Scouring the World for Furs.

Ordinarily, this department of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE would not make mention of the fact that Mr. Ernst Albrecht, the pioneer furrier of the Northwest and senior member of the firm of E. Albrecht & Son, of this city, has started on his annual trip to Europe for the purpose of visiting the leading European fur markets and to learn the very latest patterns for the garments of 1896-97. But Mr. Albrecht's long journey in search of furs and other materials, serves the purpose of illustrating, in a strictly practical manner, the claim of this magazine that St. Paul and St. Paul furriers are able to cope with the strongest and most enterprising fur markets in the Union. In no other American city can larger or more elegant assortments of fur goods be found. This is a truth worth remembering.

Splendid Prospects for the Harvester Company.

It is gratifying to know that the business interests of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company, of St. Paul, are now in so prosperous a condition. At a recent meeting of the stockholders, at which at least \$2,000,000 of the \$2,500,000 of capital stock was represented, it was decided to crowd the capacity of the works and to use every energy in placing the company's affairs on a rock-bottom basis. The Eastern stockholders are greatly pleased with the business and prospects of the plant, and have not hesitated to give generous praise to the present efficient management. The works are now in full operation and furnish steady employment to nearly 700 men. About 300 more men will be added to the force in order that the plant may be operated at its largest capacity. Business is opening auspiciously. Orders are coming in thickly, and all sales are either cash sales or on short-time security. There is no doubt that the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company will prove to be one of the greatest and most successful industries in the Northwest.

Tea-Growing in North Dakota.

That old ideas are gradually giving way to the force of progressive circumstances is shown in a most practical manner by recent Russian enterprise in North Dakota. It took California a long time to learn that its soil and climate were adapted to the cultivation of figs, dates, etc., and many years passed before planters in the Southern States learned that pine-apples, and a host of other fruits as well, could be grown to as great perfection as in the lands whence they were imported. It is so difficult to overcome one's preconceived notions that certain commodities must perforce be grown in certain tropical or semi-tropical countries other than our own! When asked what products are grown from North Dakota soil, one thinks readily of wheat, rye, oats and flax, but who in the world would name tea as one of the cultivable crops? Yet tea is grown, and grown successfully, in North Dakota. State Commissioner of Agriculture Laughlin has made the

discovery that a colony consisting of twenty Russian families, in Mercer County, raised tea last year from seed obtained from Russia. The experiment is reported to have been a decided success, and tea culture will be tried on a much larger scale in that State this year. It is known as the Asiatic Russian tea-plant, and the quality is said to be every way superior to the black tea sold by merchants.

The Onward March of Competition.

In our Montana record of Northwestern progress is a little item that will serve to illustrate the onward march of competition. It is a modest, unpretentious bit of news, yet it voices a determination to compete for certain trade that has hitherto been compelled to seek the markets of the Twin Cities or those farther East. Montana men and money have organized, equipped, and are now operating a brush and broom factory. Helena merchants have pledged their support of the enterprise and will buy and sell Montana brooms and brushes in preference to those of any other make. It is proposed to manufacture brushes of all kinds, especially paint brushes, and this industry, together with the output of brooms, is sure to curtail the sale of St. Paul and Minneapolis brooms and brushes in the State of Montana. It is a new and wholly unlooked-for competition—small now, it is true, but one which may develop into a strong and vigorous rival for Northwestern patronage in the lines named. With capital, knowledge of the business and good management, there is no reason why the enterprise should not be successful.

The onward march of competition is irresistible. As population increases and capital grows, these Northwestern States will strive to establish staple industries of their own and thus cut off much of the trade that now seeks more distant markets. The idea may be pooh-poohed, but it will remain intact just the same. One cannot kill enterprise any more than one can keep back the flow of population to prosperous and well-conditioned cities. Jobbers and manufacturers in the older market centers will either have to work hard and unremittingly to retain their present prestige, or suffer a great diminution of business in the not distant future.

Alaska as a Commercial Field.

Distant as Alaska is from the markets afforded by the Twin Cities, the day will soon come when that great Northern Territory of the United States will be looked upon by our jobbers as a new commercial field for them to work. With the development of the mining industry will follow countless other industries, and as such enterprises cannot be sustained without population, it is easily seen that the day is not remote when there will be a great demand from Alaska for the products of our factories and workshops. Our present volume of business with that country, though considerable, falls far short of what is anticipated for the

next decade. The Pacific Coast cities will reap a portion of the benefits, but it is fair to assume that the greater portion will come to the larger and more diversified markets of the interior.

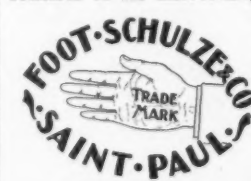
For instance, it was only the other day that a prominent merchant of Alaska made heavy purchases of merchandise from the wholesale dry goods house of Wyman, Partridge & Company, in Minneapolis. He bought some goods on the Coast, but he came here for his chief supplies. This gentleman, whose name is White, has lived in Alaska ten years. He reports a fair degree of progress and is very hopeful of the future. His purchases were paid for in gold nuggets, which were sold to Minneapolis jewelers at the rate of \$17 per ounce.

Trade and commerce are far-reaching and the possibilities of the future beyond one's power to grasp. If Mr. White should prove a true prophet, there are many districts in Alaska which, a few years hence, will contain thousands of inhabitants and numerous thriving towns. It is a field that Twin City jobbers and manufacturers ought to cultivate. The volume of business to be done there by and by will depend largely upon the enterprise of the present. The disposition of Alaskans to trade with us should be made the most of.

A Stepping-Stone to Fortune.

Away back in the sixties, there came to the State of Minnesota a young man who was convinced that the establishment of a boot and shoe factory in St. Paul would prove his stepping-stone to fortune. The effort was made and the result justified the young man's hope. He won his spurs, has seen his business develop immensely, and today he is the head of the large and well-known manufacturing house of Foot, Schulze & Company, a company that knows no superior in the boot and shoe industry of the Northwest, and whose business reaches from the Sault Ste. Marie to the Pacific Coast. An inspection of the samples displayed in their salesroom, comprising, as they do, one of the finest and most varied lines of goods in the country, will satisfy any dealer that they are able to supply anything and everything in the line of footwear. The company makes goods that are adapted to the farm, the forest, the workshop and the mine, as well as goods of lighter and more elegant finish and designs, for town and city wear. A feature of this company's method of transacting business consists of its universally known trade-mark,

which appears on all goods of its own manufacture, and is a guarantee of value. Samples of goods may be seen at the Foot, Schulze & Company salesmen's headquarters in Butte and Spokane, as well as at the home house in St. Paul.



A Great Dairy Triumph for Minnesota.

Minnesota may now lay claim to being the center of production of the best dairying district in the United States. At the National Butter and Cheese Convention held recently at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the Milton Dairy Company of St. Paul was awarded the sweepstakes prize and first premium for the best single tub of butter produced in the United States. The sample was not especially prepared, but was taken from the regular product of the firm as it is ordinarily sold. The sweepstakes prize is given to the exhibitor whose butter is considered better than all other samples in competition.

This is the greatest victory ever won by any dairy company in the United States, and it

will have the effect of winning for Minnesota butter a world-wide reputation which will be worth millions of dollars to the dairying interests of the State. There were more than 500 competitors from States reaching from Maine to the Pacific Coast, including Elgin, Ill., and the celebrated Darlington creamery of Philadelphia. The judges were Messrs. Patch of Boston, Collyer of Chicago and Brundidge of Cleveland, picked from among the best butter experts of the country. The samples were all numbered. They did not bear the names of the makers and the judges had no possible way of knowing to whom the various exhibits belonged. The victory of Minnesota was complete. Out of a possible degree of perfection of 100 per cent, the St. Paul firm's butter scored 97.82.

The butter industry has gradually worked West. The center of production of the best dairying products was first established in the United States in Orange County, N. Y. It then took a long jump Westward to Delaware County, Iowa, which for years maintained its prestige as a producer of the best butter. Elgin, Ill., then won the banner from Iowa, and now it has come to St. Paul, making Minnesota the representative dairying State of the Union, a reputation which it will bear until some other Northwestern State—perhaps Washington, maybe South or North Dakota—shall succeed in wresting it from her.

Washington's Flour Industry.

A new feature in the flour industry has developed recently in Spokane's trade with Guatemala. The flour is now packed in 100-pound sacks, and, thus packed, is admitted free of duty to the ports of that country. Millers in Spokane have pushed their interests in Chile and Guatemala until the volume of business transacted is now quite important. This trade is increasing rapidly and will soon assume large proportions. Ships load with flour and lumber at the various Puget Sound ports, and return with cargoes of coffee, cocoa, etc.

So important has the export trade become that, beginning with April, sixteen steamships will ply between the Sound and the Orient—a trade that has hitherto been carried on by six steamers. There are indications that flour is rapidly supplanting rice, as a staple article of food, in both China and Japan, and this, in addition to the newly-developed territory of Guatemala and Chile, creates a demand for Washington flour that can only be met by a very considerable increase of the present milling capacity. In 1895 Spokane's three mills produced 568,000 barrels of flour, nearly all of which was exported. Other mills are in process of construction and will be completed in time to add materially to the total output for the present year.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of this industry lies in the fact that it gives practical encouragement to Washington, Oregon and Idaho wheat-growers, the mills having use for nearly all the wheat that can be produced in those States. With a constantly increasing home and export demand for flour and the milling capacity which is certain to keep pace with such demand, the mills of Washington are destined to exercise a very important part in developing the grain resources of the far Northwest.

A School of Shorthand and Typewriting.

In these days of quick business methods and large transactions, shorthand and typewriting have become permanent and essential acquirements. If well-equipped in these respects, the

young man or woman who applies for an office position holds many chances over the applicant that is not thus qualified. No better advice can be given to young men and women than that which urges them to acquire these business accomplishments at some reputable shorthand and typewriting school. It is understood that such an institution may be found in the A. W. Lancaster School of Shorthand—316-17-18 New York Life building, St. Paul. The terms are easy and instruction thorough. With experienced teachers who take every possible pains to send forth competent graduates, little or no difficulty is encountered in finding employment for those who complete a course at this school. And it is much better to attend a well-equipped school of shorthand and typewriting, where specialists are employed to teach these branches systematically and thoroughly, than for one to try to teach oneself. It is useless to study such things unless one studies them properly and thus acquires knowledge that may be applied practically as occasion warrants. It will not take long for an apt pupil at this school to gain

able by visiting the oldest rubber goods' house in the Northwest—the St. Paul Rubber Company, whose offices and salesrooms are at 372-74 Robert Street, in this city. Such a visit would show that the mammoth stocks carried comprise rubber boots and shoes of every style and size; mackintoshes of the latest designs for ladies, children and gentlemen; all kinds of rubber and oil clothing; extensive lines of belting, hose and packing; a complete assortment of fine druggists' sundries—most of which the company manufactures, and many other articles which cannot be mentioned. The officers of the company are: President, Albert Fischer; vice-president, Rudolph Fischer; secretary and treasurer, J. Hammer. These gentlemen are also Northwestern agents for the American Rubber Company and the Para Rubber Shoe Company of Boston. From a comparatively small beginning in the old quarters on Third Street, almost twenty years ago, the growth of the business has necessitated several changes until, in 1894, a last removal was made to the company's present headquarters. The warehouse



These large docks characterize every important port on the Great Lakes, some of them being 1,000 to 1,500 and 2,000 feet in length by 300 to 300 and even 400 feet in width. Many of these docks have a storage capacity of 250,000 to 400,000 tons, and a daily unloading capacity ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 and 6,000 tons. They are provided with all modern dock equipments and are said to have no superiors in the maritime world.

a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting that will qualify him for a good position in the business world.

The A. W. Lancaster School of Shorthand is at all times prepared to do legal work, commercial correspondence, copying of all kinds—including mimeograph work, etc. Good stenographers and typewriters will be furnished on demand and at reasonable rates.

It is suggested—to those who contemplate a study of shorthand—that a letter be addressed to the Lancaster school prior to arranging for any instruction in the branches named. Terms will be stated in full, either on receipt of letter or on personal application at the office in the New York Life building.

Wonderful Growth of the Rubber Business.

It is within the past thirty years that rubber goods have attained their great commercial prominence. Today they are staple articles of use in nearly all branches of human industry. Proof of this broad statement is easily obtain-

is now at 190-92 East Third Street, but it will be removed to the large three-story building at 371-73 Robert Street and immediately opposite the offices and salesrooms, about May 1. This will not only afford enlarged facilities, but be vastly more convenient as well.

In the spring of 1895 the business was reorganized, the results of which are seen in extended trade and greater prosperity than ever. Nine traveling salesmen traverse the country from Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota to the Coast States, and the year 1895—the best in the history of the house—bids fair to be distanced outright by the ever increasing volume of business that is now being done. Of course the main business consists of rubber boots, shoes and clothing, though a specialty is made of oil clothing for miner's and lumbermen's use. Full and complete lines of all rubber goods, mackintoshes and clothing are carried, competition is met easily, and the financial ability of the house helps to make it one of the best and most popular establishments of the kind in the Northwest.

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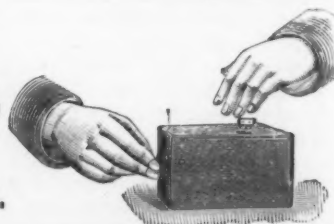
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(paper hanger preferred), to solicit orders for our
wall papers on good commission. Full set of large
sample books. Good references required.***Western Wall Paper House,
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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

A GERMAN'S IDEA OF EXCESSIVE DRINKING.

It may or may not be remembered, says a writer in the Stillwater (Minn.) *Gazette*, that, some twenty years ago, a case was on trial in the district court in this city in which the question as to the intoxicating qualities of beer became an important factor. One of our German citizens—who, by the by, has been dead many years—was summoned to give evidence on the subject. Being asked if he drank beer, he replied promptly that he "frank his peer" with extreme regularity; but in reply to the query as to beer being intoxicating, he made answer in the negative.

"Have you tested this matter," inquired the attorney; "or, in other words, how many glasses have you ever drank at one time?"

"Ninety glasses," was the prompt reply.

"And you were not intoxicated?" questioned the lawyer, incredulously.

"No more than I am now," was the startling answer.

"But," insisted the lawyer, "don't you think a man could possibly become drunk on beer?"

"Vell," answered the witness, reflectively, "I s'pose as how if a man should trink it to excess—make a tam hog of himself, he might get a leetle dippy on beer!"

TWO RAILROAD STORIES.

A group of railroad men were seated around the hospitable stove at "Peeks," in Oelwein, Iowa, one night recently. One or two of them were old in the service, and the anecdotes and experiences with which they entertained the others possessed the rare flavor of originality and bore the stamp of truth.

"Over on the Council Bluffs road a few years ago," said the gray-haired engineer, "a train pulled into a station, and the conductor, Mr. Tee, was trying to get orders against another train to gain time. The engineer's name was Coffee, and his name and the conductor's were both registered in due form on arrival. 'Who's running the train?' asked the train dispatcher over the wire.

"Tee and Coffee," the operator answered.

"What're you giving me, anyhow?" came hotly back from the t. d.

"Just what I said," pounded the operator.

"What's registered?" said the wire.

"T-e-e and C-o-f-f-e-e," replied the operator, who was getting warm himself.

"Well, that train dispatcher, who was new on that line, actually refused to give the order, believing that some 'rag' was being worked off on him. That's a fact."

But the old conductor, who was "running opposite" in this yarn-spinning, had one ready that put them all to bed.

"During the troublous times, when men of any kind were scarce to run trains with, I was running a passenger on the D— division of the Great Western. They gave me a new brakeman without any experience whatever. I did the best I could with him, and instructed him carefully in his duties.

"Now, when you approach a station," I told him, you must call the name of it at one end of the car, then the same at the other"—and so forth.

"All right," said the brakeman, cheerfully, and we pulled out.

"At the first stop, he called the car I was in in a loud, clear voice that pleased me.—'Fairbank!' Then he walked proudly through the car to the other end and shouted, 'Same here!' Then I fainted." J. C. H.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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can be lost without the whole body feeling it. The body is like a watch, a machine. This accounts for the success of SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil in all wasting disease. It feeds, nourishes, keeps up the strength when ordinary food is rejected.

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The WALL PAPER Season of 1896

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Mail orders will receive prompt attention. Estimates cheerfully given.

THE EMPIRE CLOAK & FUR CO.,

Successor to Schultz Cloak Co.,

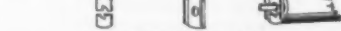
376 Robert Street, - - St. Paul.

We make a SPECIAL for this month! Ladies' tailor-made suits of two pieces, reefer or jacket, and skirt, in the latest fashion, for \$10—if you bring your goods. We make TO ORDER, in ANY STYLE DESIRED, dresses, capes, jackets, reefers, etc., and furnish our own goods at WHOLESALE PRICES. You can have your dresses made as cheap as you can buy them in the stores ready made. Ill-fitting and old garments remodeled according to latest fashions, at very moderate prices. Mail orders attended to promptly. Give us a trial and you will surely recommend your friends. We guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We Want Every Dealer to Sell the



MINNEMA SHADE ROLLER



MANUFACTURED BY
MINNEAPOLIS SHADE ROLLER CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

We guarantee our one inch to be the BEST and STRONGEST roller in the market. Dealers, write for prices.

EVERY SMOKER should carry a pocket camera for amusement; produces perfect photograph while you smoke a cigar. Complete outfit sent post-paid for ten cents. FRANKLIN NOVELTY CO., Reading, Pa.

I. E. BURT CO.

Have recently opened a
Photographic Studio
In connection with the



FINE ARTS STORE, 624 Nicollet Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. High grade portraits in Oil, Pastel, Water-colors, Crayon, etc. If not in city write for catalogue. Mention this magazine.

A HEALTH OPPORTUNITY.

A small house with five acres of irrigated land, in the village of Sunnyside, Yakima Valley, Washington, will be rented free for two years to a responsible party who will cultivate the land, and an option to purchase at a low price at the end of that time will be given. This is a rare opportunity for any person afflicted with lung complaint to regain health, by living outdoors most of the time in an extremely dry climate where the winters are very mild and free from dampness and where all kinds of fruits, except tropical fruits, grow in great abundance and perfection. The lessee of this place can make a good living raising berries and vegetables, and keeping poultry, bees and one or two cows. For throat and lung troubles there is no better climate than that of the lower Yakima Valley. Address

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.
St. Paul, Minn.

Rupture

Permanently Cured in 30 to 50 Days.

No knife. No detention from business. No suffering. No pay till cured.

This ad accepted as \$5 in payment of treatment.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Call at Room 21, 139 E. 6th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

SECURITY-RUPTURE CO.



\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 115, DETROIT, MICH.

A PEEP

other mysteries. Effects of a sporting life. A page book for men, 30 pictures true to life. Sent in plain wrapper for 10c silver or stamp. Address: HENDERSON, Drawer W, Kansas City, Mo.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

SOFT EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

If you want a jolly time send for "THE FROLIO"—suitable for church or other entertainments. Single copies, 15c; two copies, 25c. BERTHA L. SAUNIER, Chicago Lawn, Ill.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

CHEAP HOMES.

N. P. R. R. Lands in Hubbard, Becker and Wadena counties at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per acre. Terms: one-sixth down, balance on five years' time at 6 per cent interest. Improved farms and meadow lands on easy terms. Good water, good timber, good soil, good crops, good market. Particulars cheerfully furnished. Address, SHELL PRAIRIE BANK, Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn.

FOR SALE, 300,000 ACRES

CHOICE NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS
IN AITKIN AND CROW WING COUNTIES.
Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved, write me.
F. P. MCQUILLIN, AITKIN, MINN.

CHEAP HOMES.

Have large tracts of Wild Lands in sizes to suit purchaser at from \$2 to \$8 per acre, also a large list of Improved Farms at from \$10 to \$15 per acre, in Hubbard County. Farm Loans negotiated, and Taxes paid for non-residents.
Write for information.
E. C. LINCOLN, HUBBARD, MINNESOTA.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS

at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms.
Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in Western Morrison County.
Agent for St. Paul & Northern Pacific Ry. Lands.
Local Agt for N. P. R. R. Co. Write for information.
W. J. SULLIVAN,
SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

Corn, Pork, Cattle, Poultry, Potatoes.

Improved Farms and Wild Lands
in Pope County, Central Minnesota;
REASONABLE PRICES.
Improved farms at \$8 to \$15 per acre, on long time.
Write for list.
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REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.

FOR SALE OR RENT
FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES
Choice Polk Co. farm lands, improved and unimproved. Also best business and residence property in city of Crookston.
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E. M. WALSH, - - CROOKSTON, MINN.

IMPROVED FARMS AND WILD LANDS

in Polk and Beltrami Counties,
\$5 to \$15 per acre.
Nearest point to the Red Lake Reservation, to open soon. Have you money to loan on first-class improved farms? Principal and interest guaranteed.
BENNETT & STREET, Attorneys at Law,
FOSTON, POLK CO., MINN.

J. M. ELDER, Brainerd, Minn.,

SELLS
N. P. R. R. Lands and St. Paul & Duluth R. R.
Lands at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.
HAS 20,000 ACRES OF IMPROVED FARMS
from \$3 to \$5 per acre.

A SNAP IN LAND.

1,700 acres of hardwood Timber Land, between Fergus and Perham, for sale at \$2.50 per acre. Will make twenty-one farms over eighty acres each; every one with beautiful lake frontage.
No exchanges wanted at this price.
CHARLES J. WRIGHT, - Fergus Falls, Minn.

1,000,000 Acres of Land For Sale in Northeastern Minnesota.

Do not buy land anywhere until you see our maps and get prices. They will be sent to you FREE.
Address,
HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Com'r, St. P. & D. R. R.,
St. Paul, Minn.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address
W. H. PHIPPS, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

OTTER TAIL COUNTY.

Best agricultural county in Minn. (Called the Park Region.) Half is rich prairie; balance timber and fine lakes. We offer large amount of land on crop-payment plan or railroad terms. Prices low. 239 school districts. Climate healthful; water pure; crops never fail.
LAKE & LOWRY, Land Ag'ts, Fergus Falls, Minn.

KLUZAK & FURMAN,

Local Correspondents,
Land Department St. P. & D. R. R.
BEROUN, PINE COUNTY, MINN.

CHEAP HOMES.

I have a large tract of WILD or UNIMPROVED HARDWOOD LANDS at \$5.00 per acre; railroad and other lands especially adapted to dairying purposes, and also IMPROVED FARMS at moderate prices.
HENRY J. RATH, Clerk of Court, Pine Co.,
Pine City, Minn.

THOSE WHO WATCH THE TREND

of events closely do not hesitate to predict great prosperity for Northern Minnesota in 1896. They argue that the big crop of '95, and growing national prosperity, are sure to create a wonderfully increased demand for farm lands.

Webster's International Dictionary

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.



Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc.

Standard of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, and of nearly all Schoolbooks. Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools.

THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES, BECAUSE

It is easy to find the word wanted.—Words are given their correct alphabetical places, each one beginning a paragraph.

It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.—The pronunciation is indicated by the ordinary diacritically marked letters used in the schoolbooks.

It is easy to trace the growth of a word.—The etymologies are full, and the different meanings are given in the order of their development.

It is easy to learn what a word means.—The definitions are clear, explicit, and full, and each is contained in a separate paragraph.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

Bicycles!

Why not buy your BICYCLES DIRECT from the manufacturers at prices FAR BELOW all others?

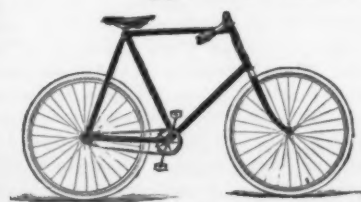
Palace Special, \$100 Wheels, \$69.90
" No. 2, 85 " 49.70
Palace No. 3, \$75 Wheels, \$38.90

and others for boys and girls. Send for Catalogue, as we make it easy for out of town people to see and examine our wheels.

THE U. S. MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of The Palace Bicycles and Sewing Machines.
60 S. 9th St., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

To the Untrained Eye

all Bicycles look alike. SO DO EGGS.
But there are eggs of yesterday, and eggs of last month. So with Bicycles.



The handsome
is a strictly "up to date" wheel, and
is made for "up to date" people.

Atherton

Price, \$60.00.

Write for Catalogue and prices.

Models for
Ladies and
Gentlemen.

E. M. HALLOWELL COMPANY,
499-511 Minnesota Street,
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A Time Saver—A Money Maker.
Lightning Ink Reducer & Dryer
for Mimeographs and Printers.
WARRANTED to make the
stiffest ink, of any color,
work the coldest morning
without fire and without affecting the color, and dry
quick. RAILROAD OFFICES using the mimeograph or
other duplicating devices will find INKOLEUM indis-
pensable for thinning ink, cleaning stencils, slabs or
rollers. Try it once and you will, always use it. Price
50c. Sent by express anywhere.
ELECTRINE CO., St. Paul, Minn.

J. D. ALLEN, Mandan, N. D.

Taxidermist.

Prepares and Mounts
HEADS, ANIMALS AND BIRDS.
FUR RUGS TO ORDER.
A full line of Northwestern Specimens for sale.

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Personal attention given to all kinds of Assaying.
Analyzing and Testing Ores, Food, Water, etc. Samples
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A GREAT COMBINATION.

We will send you post-paid for one year:
NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, } for only \$3.50
COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, }
MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. }
This offer holds good only until May 1st.
THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.

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For anything in the way of PRINTING you will find
it to your interest to send to us for an ESTIMATE.
Satisfaction guaranteed, or you do not have to accept
the work. ENGRAVING: Send for an engraved Call-
ing or Business Cards. We engrave plate with name
only and print 100 best cards for \$1.50. For Wedding
Invitations, write for samples and prices. Stationery
stamped and illuminated. Monograms, Crests and
Steel Dies engraved.
WEDELSTAEDT & GARMAN,
37 East 5th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

FLOWERS. MENDENHALL, the Florist of the North-
west, can furnish you with the choicest
of Flowers for Weddings, Parties,
Funerals and all other purposes. Large assortment
of fine bedding and house plants. Choice flower seeds.
Send for Catalogue. Telegraph orders for funerals
promptly filled. MENDENHALL GREENHOUSES,
First Ave. S. & 18th St., or } MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
City Store, 412 Nicollet Ave. }

It is afflicted with
SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



Mr. J. C. Osenger of 1611 Wyoming st.,
Kansas City, Mo., under date of June
17th, 1895, says: "I have been much
benefited by the use of Ripans Tablets,
which I have been taking for liver and
kidney trouble, from which I have
suffered a great deal, sometimes to such
an extent that I would have to stop
working for a week at a time. One
week my doctor's and medicine bill was
\$17.00, and I received only temporary
relief. I have not quite finished the
second box of Ripans Tablets and am
feeling like a new man; no more trouble
with either my liver or kidneys."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if
the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemi-
cal Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10c.

INSECTS and POT-PLANTS.—One of the cheap-
est and best modes of destroying insects in pot-
plants is to invert the pot and dip the plant for a
few seconds in water warmed to one hundred and
thirty degrees. A German paper, referring to
this plan, says that the azalea will stand one
hundred and thirty-three degrees without injury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Is Happy, Fruitful Marriage.



Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths; the Plain
Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Ap-
plied to Married Life; Who Would Atone for Past Errors
and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonder-
ful Little Book, Called "Complete Manhood, and How
to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical
source that must work wonders with this generation
of men."

The book fully describes a method by which to attain
full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end
all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervous-
ness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To ex-
change a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness,
buoyancy and power. To cure forever effects of excess,
over-work, worry, etc. To give full strength, devel-
opment and tone to every portion and organ of the
body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000 refer-
ences. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless
to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.
A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after
wrote:

"Well, I tell you the first day is one I'll never forget.
I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody
and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my
new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when
I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

Another wrote thus:
"If you dumped a carload of gold at my feet it would
not bring such gladness into my life as your method
as done."

Write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.,
and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MAN-
HOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company prom-
ises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any
marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

Uncle Sam's
Monogram
Whiskey

A Pure, Palatable Old Whiskey for Your Home.

Sold by druggists, dealers or
GEO. BENZ & SONS,
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

SPARE-MOMENTS.

ONE INCH OF RAIN.—An inch of rain falling
upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to
nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000
pounds, or 64,844 tons.

A HUGE CHERRY-TREE.—A cherry-tree at
Lebanon, Linn County, Oregon, is two and one-
half feet in diameter, covers with its branches an
area of ground fifty-two feet in width, and yields
an annual average of eighteen bushels of fine
fruit.

BIG AIR RESERVOIRS.—At the Mansfield cop-
per mines in Germany, immense reservoirs for
compressed air are cut out of the rock, near the
machinery to be operated thereby, and lined with
cement. There are eight of these receivers, each
having 1,245 to 3,950 cubic feet capacity.

HOW TO FIND EARTH-WORMS.—It is said that
earth-worms can be found anywhere by simply
wetting the ground with a solution of cupric
sulphate (blue vitrol)—ten grammes to a quart of
water—which will bring them out, in surprising
numbers, almost immediately. Soap-suds have
the same effect.

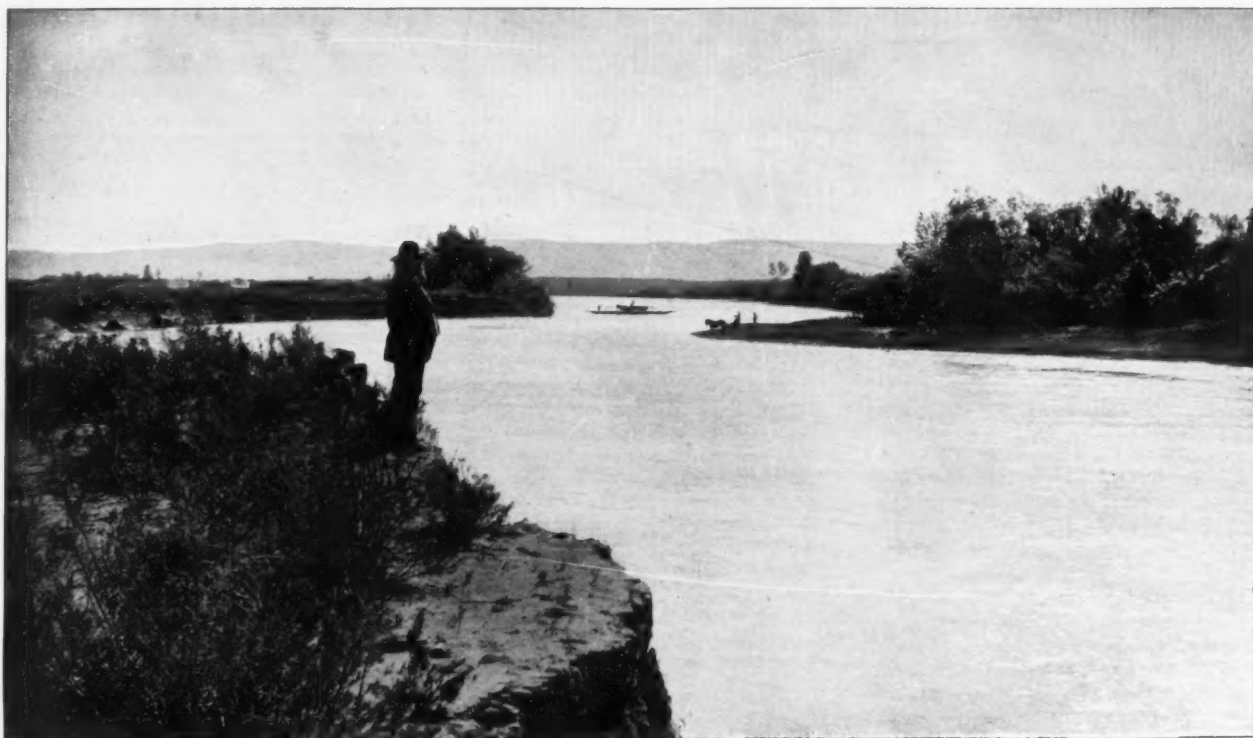
BOTTOMLESS GEYSERS.—There are several
holes in the Yellowstone Park region which are
locally reputed to be "bottomless." Geological
authorities say that they are "dry geysers." In-
to one of them, known as "Hell's Back Door,"
10,000 feet of line, with weight attached, has
been lowered without striking bottom.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GRAMMAR.—The gram-
mar studied by Lincoln when he clerked in Den-
ton Offutt's store at New Salem, Ill., in 1830, is
in North Dakota in the possession of the widow
of Robert Rutledge, of Casselton. In the inside
of the front cover is a receipt for \$30, given with
an order on James Rutledge by Offutt, in Lincoln's
handwriting and over his signature.

PRECIOUS FUR-BEARING ANIMAL.—A silver-
tipped sea-otter was captured in the surf near
South Bend, Wash., recently, and the fortunate
man refused an offer of \$400 for its skin, its com-
mercial value ranging as high as six hundred,
and sometimes eight hundred dollars. A sea-
otter is, therefore, one of the most valuable fur-
bearing animals on earth, and it is also the most
difficult to capture.

AN ESQUIMAUX SUPERSTITION.—For many
years the furriers have noticed that all of the
skins of the polar bears which they have received
have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A
Parisian furrier has discovered that this is a re-
sult of a superstitious belief, prevalent among the
Esquimaux, that whenever a polar bear is killed
his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice,
or bad luck will follow the hunter.

A DOG AT A TELEPHONE.—A San Diego, Cal.,
man left his dog in care of a rancher at La Mesa
during his absence from the city for several
weeks. Upon his return he had the dog brought
to the receiver of the La Mesa telephone, ten
miles away, and began talking to his pet over
the wire. The dog picked up his ears and recog-
nized the wired voice of his master instantly.
Thinking the voice came from the other side of
the wall, the dog ran out of doors and around to
the back of the building to see if his master was
there. When asked to "speak," the dog howl-
ed lustily into the receiver.



THE YAKIMA RIVER, FROM WHICH THE WATER FOR THE SUNNYSIDE CANAL IS TAKEN.

IRRIGATED LANDS for Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the

of the fertile and beautiful "SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY"

YAKIMA VALLEY in the New State of Washington.

The Yakima Investment Co. has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

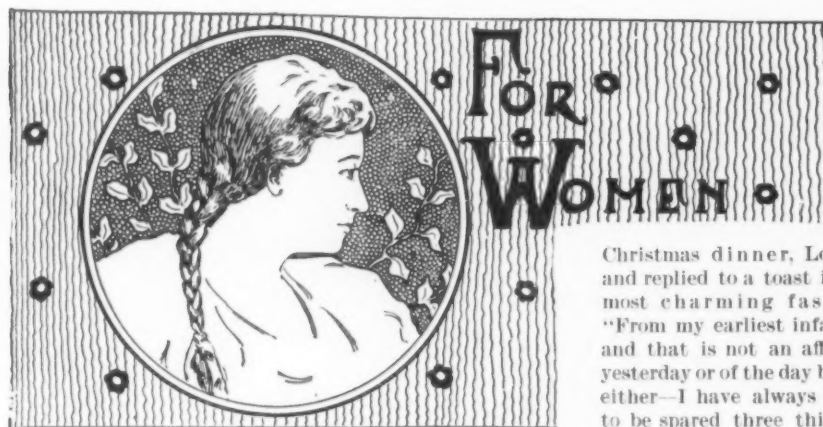
TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of The Yakima Investment Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

WALTER N. GRANGER, Manager,
ZILLAH, WASH.

C. H. PRESCOTT, President,
TACOMA, WASH.



WESTERN THEATRICAL TALENT.—Miss Ray Rockman, daughter of Dr. Rockman, of Missoula, Mont., has a position in Sara Bernhardt's company. She possesses good histrionic ability, and is expected to make a figure in dramatic circles.

MARRIAGE A QUALIFICATION.—The principal of the Washington State Normal School is in disfavor just now. He is unmarried; and that, in the eyes of the citizens of Cheney, is a grievous offense, for the committee says "the head of this institution should be a man under the restraints of the conjugal tie."

A LOT OF LOVE TO BE REVIVED.—The Billings (Mont.) Times says. "If Prof. Felix Adler was right when he said that 'fresh air revives love,' there ought to be a heavy decrease in the number of divorcees. Fresh air is cheap and plentiful; but, alas! there is an almighty lot of love in need of being revived!"

A NOVEL IDEA.—To keep babies from crying an ingenious device is resorted to in India. The moment a child begins to cry its mother places her hand over its mouth and nips its nose, so that it cannot breathe. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, but should it make use of the opportunity to again set up a howl, it is at once suppressed in the same way. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.—The two vacant seats at the latest dinner at the White House, teach a lesson in social etiquette which may well be spread abroad for the public benefit. The solicitor-general and his wife arrived at the White House after the other guests had taken their seats at the table, and the door was closed against the late comers. If the same rule obtained at all private dinner parties, a great many ill-mannered people would be treated as they deserve. One of the rudest things in the whole category of social offences is coming late to dinner.

THE PILLOW HABIT.—The Queen of Serbia, while indulging in all the luxuries due to her rank, eschews a soft bed and the tempting down pillow. She sleeps on a narrow divan with a hard and unyielding mattress, and without the vestige of a head-rest. The consequence is that her figure is perfect, and the carriage of her head stately and natural. The royal family of Serbia had never been permitted as children to indulge in the pillow habit; therefore the absence of it is no deprivation to the beautiful queen.

A NOTED WOMAN'S THREE HOPES.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is an orator born, although she never made a speech until of late. She was the guest of honor at the "Vagabonds"

Christmas dinner, London, and replied to a toast in the most charming fashion. "From my earliest infancy—and that is not an affair of yesterday or of the day before, either—I have always hoped to be spared three things:—I hoped I should never be hanged, I hoped I should never be drowned, and I hoped I should never be obliged to make a speech."

AN IDAHO CHAMPION.—An Idaho editor being asked if he had ever seen a bald-headed woman, replied: "No; we never did. Nor have we ever seen a woman waltzing around town in her shirt-sleeves, with a cigar between her teeth. We have never seen a woman go a-fishing with a bottle in her hip pocket, sit on the damp ground all day, and then go home drunk at night. Nor have we ever seen a woman yank off her coat and swear she could lick any man in town. God bless her! she ain't built that way."

A KINGDOM OF WOMEN.—What do you say of a whole Province in Russia—yes, in autocratic, nihilistic Russia, that is governed by women? It is true, in spite of your doubts. Smolensk is about forty miles square, and it is known as the "kingdom of women." The men all leave at certain times of the year to find employment elsewhere; so a woman presides at the assemblies, and the women members discuss all matters connected with the public weal, and conduct affairs in their own fashion. It is said that the financial condition of the Province is something wonderful.

BABY ARTHUR.

Now they romp—the merry pair!
Baby tossing in the air.
Up he goes, his bright eyes dancing,
Breathless laughter from them glancing;
Down he comes, red lips apart—
Papa Joe and Baby Art.

Baby's chubby hands outstretched,
Grasping all that can be reached.
Mamma frowns, for curtains white,
Pulls he down with baby might.
Papa takes the baby's part—
Papa Joe and Baby Art.

Laughs he loud in glad surprise,
Blinding sunshine in his eyes:—
Catching at the sunbeams gleaming—
Through the undraped window streaming—
Dancing now, away they dart—
Papa Joe and Baby Art.

Now they rest—the happy pair!
Swinging in the rocking chair.
Papa sings, then eyelids lower,
Soon he sings and swings no more;
Softly sleeping, heart to heart,
Papa Joe and Baby Art!

Mamma, o'er her needle bent,
Stitching up the curtain's rent,
Drapes anew the window bare,
Love's own labor for her share:—
Love's own sunbeams in her heart—
Papa Joe and Baby Art!

Heaven bless the precious pair—
Usband strong and baby fair!
Mamma ponders, while they sleep,
O'er this problem grave and deep:
Which is first in mamma's heart—
Papa Joe, or Baby Art?

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I advise you all to have your teeth fixed where you can get a Set for \$6.00; Gold Crowns for \$5.00; Gold Fillings for \$1.00; Gold Alloy Fillings for 75c, and where there is no charge for "Anti-Pain" for painless extractions.

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North Dakota offers excellent opportunities for new settlers to engage in diversified farming. Climate and soil are well adapted for wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, millet and hay. Land is very cheap. It is a peculiarly healthy country. The population of the State is only about 200,000, and at least a million people can be supported in comfort on the soil. The firms advertised below are recommended by this magazine as responsible. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

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A LINE sent to any reliable dealer in Farm Lands and other realty, will bring full information respecting all such properties in North Dakota.
See advertisements on this page.

TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT in Wells and Eddy Counties, on easy cash terms or on crop payment plan. Also unimproved Farm Lands very cheap. Write for prices and terms to F. E. OWEN, State Bank, New Rockford, N. Dak. Collections for non-residents attended to promptly.

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30,000 acres choice wild lands and improved farms in Steele Co. Cash or crop payment plan. Cor. Invited. **M. B. CASSELL & CO.**, Sherbrooke, N. D.

THESE advertisements are read monthly by thousands of home-seekers. Your perusal of this, shows that it would pay you to advertise.

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARM LANDS FOR SALE ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN. Also N. P. R. R. Co.'s cheap Wild Lands, a very choice and cheap list. Call on me before purchasing.
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THERE is every indication that there will be a greatly increased demand for North Dakota lands next year. It is a good time for intending settlers to inform themselves relative to values, locations, etc.

BARNES COUNTY. REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS. I have on my books a large list of the finest farms in the State; also 300,000 acres unimproved Barnes Co. land. Correspondence solicited.
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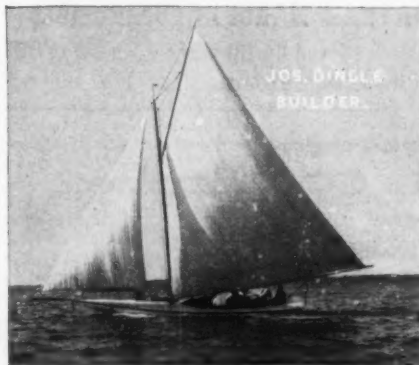
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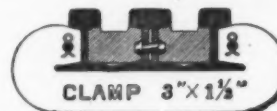
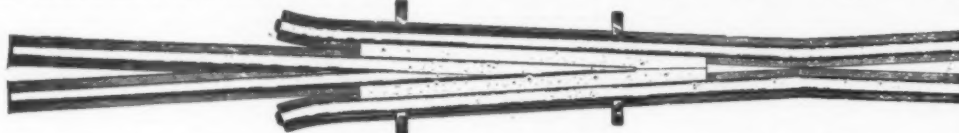
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The WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC BRAKE is now in use on 24,000 engines and 325,000 cars. This includes (with plain brakes) 232,000 freight cars, which is about 23 per cent of the entire freight car equipment of this country, and about 80 per cent of these are engaged in interstate traffic, affording the opportunity of controlling the speed of trains by their use on railways over which they may pass. Orders have been received for 173,000 of the improved quick-action brakes since December, 1887.

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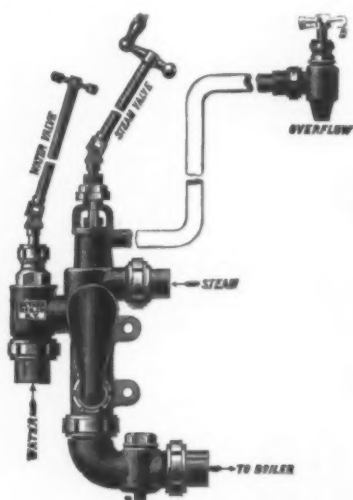
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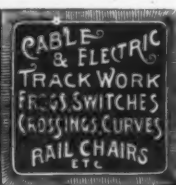
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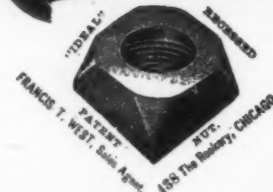
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Specialties in Fire Clay Goods.

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Send for Price List.

JAMES P. ELMER, RAILWAY SPECIALTIES,
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Elliptic and Spiral Springs of Every Description.

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of the use of Galena Oils. Cold test 10 to 15
below zero. These oils do not freeze in the
coldest weather, while they are adapt-
able to the hottest climates.In the use of Galena Oils there is entire freedom from
hot boxes, except when these are caused by mechanical
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affected by dust and sand as are other oils.We have in connection with our business, a well organ-
ized mechanical experts department, composed of skill-
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of charge.We also furnish our patrons Sibley's Perfection Valve
Oil, which is likewise in use upon a majority of the lead-
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GALENA OIL WORKS, LIMITED.

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WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S

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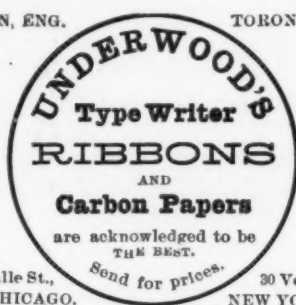
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MR. EDITOR: Please inform your readers that if
written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter,
the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored
to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering
from nervous weakness, loss of vitality, lack of
confidence, etc.I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whom-
soever. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I
nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank heaven, I am
now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make
this certain means of cure known to all.Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no
money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray, Mich.

Advertising Axioms.

BY J. WALTER THOMPSON.

"Virtue increases under a weight or burden" and re-
sults increase with a comprehensive expenditure of
money in good advertising mediums.Good goods will sell to good people constantly. Poor
goods only once. Don't let people say, "After having
praised their wine they sell us vinegar.""There is no lock but a golden key will open it," ex-
cept that of the people's pocket book. First-class ads
will do this with golden results. When people think
they want a thing, they do want it and they get it.To be prominent anywhere one must have marked
characteristics. So it is with an advertisement in the
crowded columns of newspapers and magazines; in
order to produce the best result it must be clear, defi-
nite, conspicuous and fresh. Is yours of this char-
acter?

New Money-making Invention.

Dear Reader:—I met a friend selling a new case for
attaching photographs to tombstones so they are im-
perishable and last forever. Being out of employment,
I ordered two dozen from the World Mfg. Co., Colum-
bus, O., who manufacture many good selling articles
for agents. I sold twelve the first day, profit \$18.
Every family has photographs. Anyone can put one
on the monument in five minutes. The case is elegant,
made of aluminum, the new metal. Every family is
glad of a chance to buy. They are beautiful, and yet
so cheap. I made \$67 in one week, \$186 last month. You
can do same by writing. C. B. SNOW.

Gold at Cripple Creek.

The best way to get there is over the Santa Fe route.
This fabulously rich mining district of Colorado is at-
tracting hundreds of people. By spring the rush bids
fair to be enormous. That there is an abundance of
gold there is demonstrated beyond doubt. Fortunes
are being rapidly made. To reach Cripple Creek, take
the Santa Fe route, the only standard gauge line
direct to the camp. Through Pullman sleepers and
chair-cars. The Santa Fe lands you right at the heart
of Cripple Creek. Inquire of nearest ticket agent, or
address C. C. Carpenter, Passenger Agent, 513 Guaranty
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The Limited Fast Express Train

Leaving Chicago daily at 1:30 P. M. via the Nickel Plate
Road, arriving at New York City the following even-
ing at 6:30 and Boston at 8:45, is unrivaled, peerless
and incomparable for speed, comfort and safety, with
rates that are as low as the lowest. Trains consisting
of baggage cars, buffet sleeping and elegant day
coaches, lighted by gas, heated by steam and with
all modern improvements, are run through without
change from Chicago to New York, with through cars
to Boston. J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup has been used for
over fifty years by millions of mothers for their
children while teething, with perfect success. It
soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain;
cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure
and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and
take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.Pat—"And where was ye goin' the 11th day when I
see you going to mill?"

Tim—"Och, and I was going to mill, to be sure."

Pat—"Faith, if I'd known that I'd sent a grist by
you."

Tim—"Faith, and didn't you see me?"

Pat—"Divil a bit till you were out of sight."—Wilbur
(Wash.) Register.When you want pure wines and liquors at prices con-
sistent with good quality, write to Geo. Benz & Sons,
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PERFECTION VALVE OIL.

Most perfect lubrication insured, and guarantee
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Cylinders, and destruction of joints of Steam Chest
by fatty acids.In exclusive use upon two-thirds of the railway
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ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.Send for our primer. It will give you valuable
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Blue Printing, Black Printing, Blue on White, Our Specialty

THE W. S. TYLER WIRE WORKS CO.,

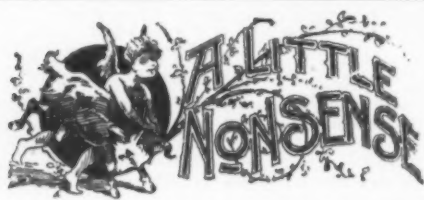
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MANUFACTURERS OF

Double - Crimp - Mining - Cloths.

From Brass, Copper, Steel and Iron Wire.

Office Railings, Wire Guards and Wire Work of every
description.



Does the new woman do what her grandmothers did? Knit!—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

The proper height for a lady to raise her skirt, on a muddy day, is a little over two feet.

A wise man is he who asks a great deal of advice and takes a very little of it.—*Thomas Cat*.

A milkman ought to make a good reporter, for he takes to pumping naturally.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

He (indignantly)—"I hope I know my own mind!" She (sweetly)—"Yes; you surely ought to know so much as that."

If Professor Roentgen's discovery makes it possible to see through one's hand, what is to become of the great American game of poker?

A New York judge rules that hugging and kissing a girl against her will is a species of assault taxable by a fine of \$10. A sort of an X raid, as it were!

Husband—"My! how you did snore last night. I couldn't sleep."

Wife—"Why didn't you wake me up?" "I thought you were making enough noise as it was!"



IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"I wonder (hic) whose hat that is? Some fool (hic) has lost his and didn't have sense enough (hic) to know he was bare-headed."

AND HE CACKLED.—"Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?" "No, dear; why is it?" "Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday!"

Passenger (on the vestibule limited)—"Porter, does this train stop at Dinkerville?" Porter—"No, sah; she don't even hesitate dar."

"This is positively the latest wrinkle," mused Miss Passeigh, applying a small quantity of complexion putty to a new place on her cheek.—*Billings Times*.

Grubb (excitedly)—"Did you hear that I went home last night and caught a burglar?" Clubb—"That's nothing; I went home late and caught the devil!"

A man in Whatcom stole a goose and got five years in the penitentiary for his awful crime. Possibly the judge thought this sort of theft was coming too near home.—*Seattle Times*.

"You ask me to put von glass lager on de shlate und you drunk drie glasses, ain't it?" "That's all right; it only proves there's more in me than you give me credit for—see?"

Fogg—"That last scene in the first act was awfully startling. It actually took my breath away." Mrs. Fogg—"So that is what you went out for, is it? Well, you've recovered it all right."

"Are they perpetual bloomers?" he asked of the pretty florist, as he selected some flowering plants. "Sir!" she said, indignantly; "this is no bicycle shop."

And it took him some time to explain matters.

Young Doctor (on his honeymoon)—"Just observe, wifey, dear, the curious tints of the sky. That cloud, poised on the mountain crest over yonder, is exactly the color of a diseased liver."

Mike—"Why do thim false eyes be made of glass, now?"

Pat—"Shure, an' how else could they say throo 'em, ye thickhead?"

Singerly—"Come, now, give me your opinion. Is marriage a failure?"

Col. Carter—"No, sah; marriage is a lottery; an', by gad, sah, it's a church lottery, at that!"

"How do you make your bread so light?" asked one housewife of another.

"We use the cathodic raise," said the up-to-date woman of the house.—*Helen's Independent*.

Irene—"You are not going to try to ride that bicycle again, after such a fall as you just got?"

Inez—"Yes; indeed I am."

"Well, you don't know when you're well off."

Bigson—"How well you're looking this morning, Jigson!"

Jigson—"Yes; I never looked better in my life. I'm looking for a man who owes me five dollars."

Miss Dorothy W., of Winthrop, aged two years, and with a younger rival near the maternal throne, was found in silent and perilous intimacy with the parlor bric-a-brac.

"What are you doing, Dorothy?" demanded her mother.

"I'm all right," responded the young woman; you go and take care of your baby.—*Lewiston Journal*.

MINNESOTA FARM AND TIMBER-LANDS.

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE and TIMBER-LANDS.

If you want to BUY or SELL

PRAIRIE or TIMBER-LANDS, or Improved Farms anywhere in the State of Minnesota;

If you have

LARGE or SMALL TRACTS TO DISPOSE OF,

Write to, or call on,

THEODORE F. KOCH,

176 E. Third St., Ground Floor,
St. Paul, Minn.

Wholesale dealer and colonizer of 12 years' experience.

LAND

In MINNESOTA and WISCONSIN, improved or unimproved, for sale on easy terms, or will give LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

E. H. HOBE, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul.

WASHINGTON FARM LANDS.

Farm Lands for Sale.

CHENEY is one of the best-located sections in Eastern Washington for diversified farming.

Here we have a good market, two railroads, fine schools and churches, a delightful climate, and here you can raise splendid fruit and big crops of all kinds and cereals without irrigation. If you want to raise wheat or follow diversified farming, this is the place. I have several improved farms here that I can sell at a bargain.

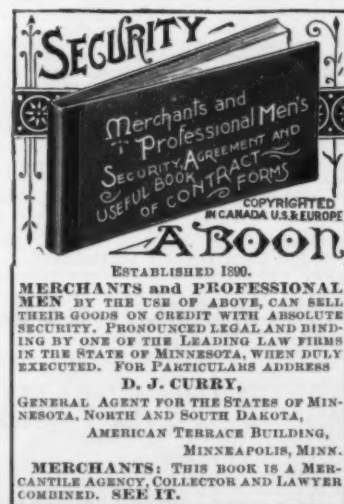
I have also, at the town of Mondovi, not far from Cheney, on the N. P. R. R., a 160-acre tract of improved land (4 1/2 miles from the town), with a log house of three rooms, and a good stable, for \$1,400 on long time. I have another improved farm of 160 acres adjoining the townsite of Mondovi, all cultivated and in wheat this year, for \$2,000 on long time.

I have also 1,330 acres near the town, all fenced, with two houses, two barns, an orchard and two small lakes, two springs, and 1,000 acres cultivated in wheat this year. This is a fine place for dairying, wheat raising or hog raising, and I will sell it for \$12 per acre on long time, with a small payment down.

I have other good farms in the Palouse and Big Bend countries.

R. A. HUTCHINSON,
Cheney, Wash.

MISCELLANEOUS.



ADJUSTABLE POLES. You ought to have one. Easily changed to any vehicle. Best material. Three sizes—light, medium and heavy. Does not require blacksmith to repair. All dealers, or SPRINGER BROS. MFG. CO., Edwardsville, Ill.

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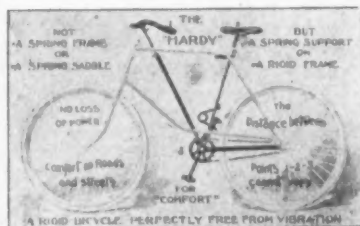
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